Saturday Review

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AUGUST 7, 1954 / 20¢

"WALDEN" ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER
By Henry Seidel Canby

THE BIG LIBEL
By Cleveland Amory
(Trade Winds)

Oscar Handlin, author of "The American People in the Twentieth Century." (See page 9)

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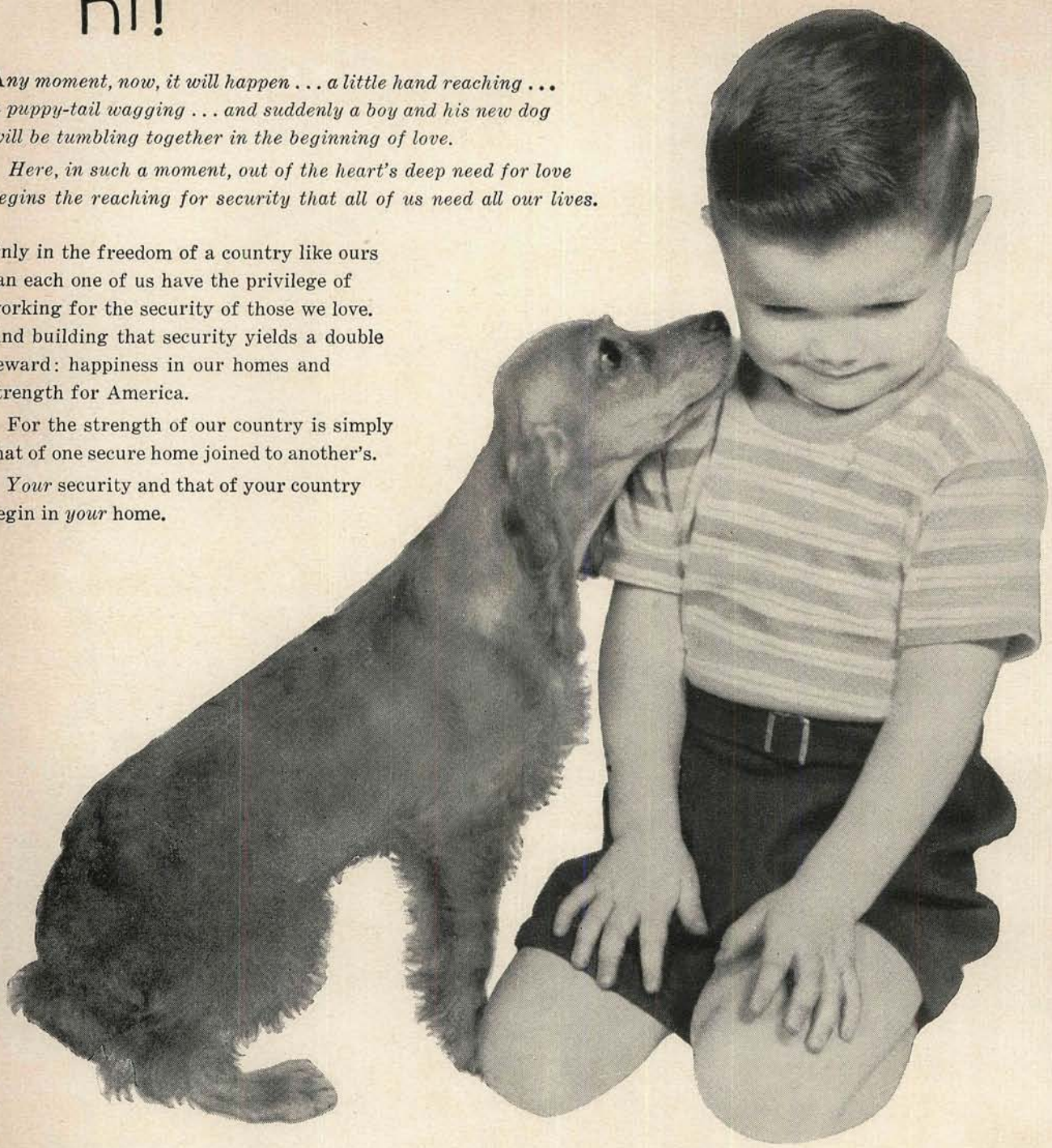

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SR's Library Poll

ONE of the most surprising successes of the present book season has been Lillian Roth's chronicle of her bout with alcoholism and mental illness, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," which reaches the second rung this week of *SR*'s poll of books most popular with the patrons of large city public libraries. Joseph Hirsh, an authority on alcoholism, speculates why this is so in an article on page 17 of this issue.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth (G)**
3. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
4. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)
5. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
6. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
7. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
   by Taylor Caldwell (F)
8. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
9. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
10. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
11. **A Child of the Century**
    by Ben Hecht (G)
12. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
13. **A Time to Love and a Time to Die**
    by Erich Maria Remarque (F)
14. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
15. **Bless This House**
    by Norah Lofts (F)
16. **The High and the Mighty**
    by Ernest K. Gann (F)
17. **Seven Years in Tibet**
    by Heinrich Harrer (G)
18. **The End of Innocence**
    by Jonathan Daniels (G)
19. **The Bad Seed**
    by William March (F)
20. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)

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(F)—Fiction
* (G)—General

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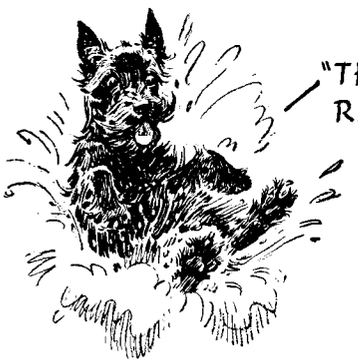

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Henry Regnery
Chicago

The Saturday Review

AUGUST 7, 1954

Cover Drawing by Mel Bolden

SR/IDEAS

7 "Walden" One Hundred Years Later, by Henry Seidel Canby

20 The Pain of Discontent: An Editorial

24 A Plea for Playgoers' Education, by John Wharton

SR/BOOKS

9 The American People in the Twentieth Century, by Oscar Handlin
Reviewed by Eric F. Goldman

10 Individualism Reconsidered, by David Riesman
Reviewed by Robert Bierstedt

12 The Story of Our Civilization, by Philip Lee Ralph
Reviewed by Geoffrey Bruun

13 The Homeric Gods, by Walter F. Otto
Reviewed by Edith Hamilton

13 The Spring of Civilization, by Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr.
Reviewed by Moses Hadas

14 The Season's Science Fiction
An Essay-Review by Fletcher Pratt

15 Banners Against the Wind, by John Jennings
Reviewed by Harrison Smith

16 Heroes of the Empty View, by James Aldridge
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst

16 The Relic, by Eça de Querioz
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster

17 I'll Cry Tomorrow, by Lillian Roth
This Is Norman Brokenshire, by Norman Brokenshire
An Alcoholic to His Sons, as told to Henry Beetle Hough
An Essay-Review by Joseph Hirsh

18 Mamie Doud Eisenhower, by Dorothy Brandon
Red Carpet for Mamie, by Alden Hatch
Reviewed by Jack H. Pollock

19 Madame de Pompadour, by Nancy Mitford
Reviewed by Leo Gershoy

34 The Sculpture of Jacques Lipchitz, by Henry R. Hope
Reviewed by Robert Goldwater

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds, by Cleveland Amory

10 Literary I.Q.

21 Letters to the Editor

26 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Arthur Knight

28 Literary Crypt

28 TV and Radio, by Goodman Ace

29 Music to My Ears, by Paul Jaretzki

30 *SR*'s World Travel Calendar

31 Booked for Travel, by Horace Sutton

33 The Fine Arts, by James Thrall Soby

37 The Criminal Record

43 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1063

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TRADE Winds

EDITOR'S NOTE: *While Bennett Cerf is on vacation* TRADE WINDS *will be written by Cleveland Amory, author of "The Proper Bostonians," "Home Town," and "The Last Resorts."*

BURIED UNDER THE Army-McCarthy hearings during May and June, and given only minor mention in the daily press (which dislikes publicizing libel suits), there occurred an historic legal battle between two author adversaries. Both were first sports writers, later war correspondents, and both are Roman Catholics. One, a Franklin D. Roosevelt Democrat, is a big bear-like man whose chief talent is making the sentimental story credible and yet not cloy; his weakness is an overbonhommous belief in everybody—witness "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," which started out as non-fiction and ended up as non-fact. The other, a James G. Blaine Republican, is a merchant of venom whose chief talent is pouring the salty phrase on the old wounds of live women, notably Eleanor Roosevelt, and dead men, notably Heywood Broun; his weakness is, or rather was, his cherished boast of never having been successfully sued for libel. "I love my enemies," he once said. "I get spiritual satisfaction out of hate."

IT ALL STARTED FIVE YEARS AGO, on November 29, 1949, when Quentin Reynolds read a column by Westbrook Pegler in which Pegler said Reynolds had "a yellow streak," "a mangy hide," and "a protuberant belly filled with something other than guts." He said that Reynolds "went nuding along the public road with his girl friend of the moment" and he also added that Reynolds had proposed to Heywood Broun's widow on the way to Broun's grave. (The latter turned out to be a particularly extraordinary accusation in view of the fact that Monsignor, now Bishop, Sheen was also in the funeral car.) "After Pegler's charges appeared Quent looked out the window for two days," says Mrs. Reynolds, "while I told him, 'For once in your life get mad.' Finally he said, 'Do you mind if I sue?' 'Mind!' I said. 'I'll leave you if you don't!' "

Reynolds sought $500,000 in compensatory damages as well as punitive damages. He charged that he had sold 21 articles to *Collier's* before Pegler's attack and none since; he also charged Pegler had hounded him by calling up other speakers and VIP's at banquets, lecture platforms, etc., where Reynolds was to appear and intimating he was pro-Communist. In countersuit, since dismissed, Pegler charged that Reynolds, in reviewing Dale Kramer's "Heywood Broun," had said that Pegler's attacks on Broun had so troubled Broun's last days (when he was dying) that Pegler was "morally guilty of homicide" and that this review had so provoked him (Pegler) that he had begun writing columns vs. Reynolds. So confident was the Hearst empire of inevitable victory that in answering Reynolds's charges they not only repeated their libels, they embellished them. Pegler and Hearst were alone involved; Reynolds could not afford to sue, in separate cities, the outside papers which still subscribe to Pegler's column.

IT WAS THE OLD anti-Army game. In McCarthy's book, if you attack McCarthy, you are a Communist. In Pegler's book, if you praise an enemy of Pegler, you are in for a large dose of the dirty-words-on-walls school of writing. The actual trial bore many similarities to the Army-McCarthy hearings. Like McCarthy, Pegler had little to lose except face; his contract provides that Hearst will pay all damages. Like Stevens (instead of McCarthy), Reynolds (instead of Pegler) was really the man on trial. His character, not Pegler's, occupied the majority of the time in court. "I've got one piece of advice for everybody," says Reynolds. "You can't sue anybody unless you're clean as a whistle yourself." And, finally, there were physical similarities. McCarthy visited Pegler's home in Tucson, Arizona, just before the hearings began, and Pegler took the stand in New York the same day McCarthy took the stand in Washington. Here the similarities end. Reynolds proved a consistent and intelligent witness; his attorney, Louis Nizer, had a brilliantly prepared case which was unmarred by public cowardice or mistaken ideas of expediency.

Nizer's opponent, the Hearst lawyer, Charles Henry, was an elderly bachelor. "Remember," he said almost pathetically to Reynolds on one occasion, "we're adversaries, not enemies." By all odds the outstanding figure in court was Judge Edward Weinfeld, a magnetic man with a face like a prophet and a mind which anticipated everything several seconds before it happened. He went directly from high school to law school, was New York State's first housing commissioner, and, on becoming a judge, his first act was to find out what prison life was actually like. At one time or another, and through at least one meal, he has visited every Federal prison in this country except two. "I'll get to those," he says quietly. "I want to see every place I may be responsible for someone going." In such a man's court there were no points of disorder.

"We'll have to let you go, Shandrov. Your throbbing gypsy airs make people too sad to eat!"

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When the ex-Communist Bella Dodd, a Pegler witness, failed to give evidence she had ever seen Reynolds before, Judge Weinfeld summarily dismissed her from the stand.

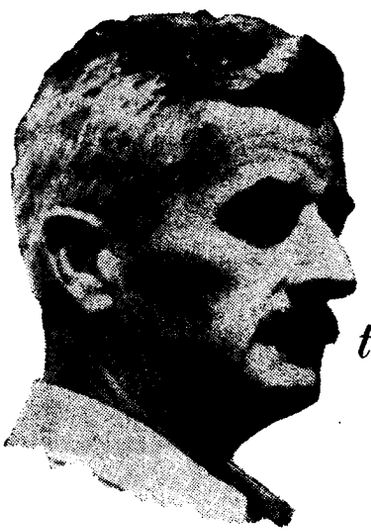
TO TESTIFY FOR REYNOLDS came three former *Collier's* executives, William Chenery, Albert Winger, and Richard Chaplin, as well as a Who's Who of Edward R. Murrow, John Gunther, Sidney Bernstein, Mrs. Heywood Broun, Patricia Broun, Mark Hanna, Lionel Shapiro, Ken Downs, Walter Kerr, Jock Lawrence, and Harry Butcher. There was a reference from Eisenhower, a letter from Winston Churchill, depositions from Viscount Mountbatten and Sir Walter Monckton, and even a message to Garcia from the Hon. Clare Boothe Luce (although it arrived too late). To testify for Pegler came, beside Miss Dodd, Mrs. Pegler, a Pegler nephew, one *Collier's* ex-editor, a former Moscow priest, an ex-Canadian newspaperman, the third wife of the late Harold Ross, and a Pepsi-Cola executive. Not a single Hearst executive appeared to testify—a fact of which the shrewd Nizer made much in his summation. "Do you know why there is none here?" he asked, pointing to the empty witness chair. "Because he would have had to say that Pegler had a good reputation and I could have said to that empty chair, 'Mr. Hearst Executive, I am going to prove that there is not in this whole country a single writer with a *worse* reputation'."

For most people the high point of the eight-week trial came when Nizer cross-examined Pegler and made him admit 130 contradictions of testimony given in pre-trial examination with his later statements under direct examination of his own counsel. At one point, when Nizer read him a statement by an unnamed author, Pegler branded it pro-Communist, then learned the author was Pegler. At another time Pegler demanded Nizer show him something. When Nizer handed it to him, Pegler raised his fist. "Get away from me," he snarled. Finally Pegler's manner, which varied from the four-letter-word rambunctious to the coldly injured unctious, was reduced to the breaking point. "I don't hate anybody," he sniffled. "It's against my religion." At this even the jury laughed out loud.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE to the jury was stern, slow, and scholarly; he left no doubt that there were two distinct points of libel and that the Pegler column was definitely defamatory. In order for Reynolds to win anything, however, every member of the jury not only had to agree he should but also had to agree unanimously on the exact amount. (In a State court a 10-2 verdict is allowed, but not in a Federal). Earlier the trial had been three weeks underway when one juror was dismissed for discussing the case out of court and fined $250; an alternate took his place and a Hearst legal assistant who knew about the juror's talking but had not brought it to the attention of the Judge was severely reprimanded. The final group consisted of a sewing machine executive as foreman, a motion picture man, a pilot, a bookkeeper, a maintenance man, a garageman, two salesmen, and four housewives. For thirteen hours they deliberated; four times they filed back into the courtroom to clear up points. Finally, in the interest of arriving at a decision, the eight favoring high compensatory plus high punitive damages compromised their high compensatory to win high punitive. "It was like a tobacco auctioneer's convention," one later declared, "except for a guy who was so sleepy he kept his head on the table and kept mumbling, 'Aw, give 'im five thousand.'"

The verdict, delivered to a crowded courtroom at 1 o'clock on the morning of June 29, was for $175,000 punitive damages and $1 compensatory. It was the highest award in the history of American libel. For the Reynoldses it marked the end of a steady four-and-a-half-year-to-the-day fight. They were exhausted, financially and physically. Mr. Reynolds, dazed at first thought the foreman said only $175. But Mrs. Reynolds heard it correctly. Dead tired, standing in her stocking feet, she burst into tears and then ran over to kiss one of the housewives.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.



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The Saturday Review
AUGUST 7, 1954

"WALDEN"
ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Thoreau's "Walden" was published on August 9, 1854, by Ticknor and Fields in Boston. In the intervening century it has become many things to many men and one of the indubitable American classics. Here it is reappraised by Henry Seidel Canby, dean of American literary critics and editor of The Saturday Review of Literature *from its founding in 1924 until 1936.*

"WALDEN, or Life in the Woods" is Henry Thoreau at his best. The book has had its ample praise, and, what would have pleased Thoreau better, its ardent readers all over the world. It has had its critiques, good, bad, and merely informative. It has had its recognition as one of the Great Books; as one of the few great books that are utterly and inevitably American in their contribution to world literature. In form it is only a series of essays; in content it ranges from the homely to the sublime. Every good reader of English literature has read it (or should read it) although it knows no boundaries of language. If you insist upon a definition, it is a one-man symposium which begins in the woods and fields and carries on questionings into what concern lakes, birds, beasts, God, man—and how he can best live in the universe. I prefer to call it a book of great talk, sharpened and made durable by work and life in the solitude of nature. It is like the lumps of flint (and Thoreau would have approved of the figure) that the native artisan chips and polishes into arrowheads of beauty and power.

Thoreau was a rugged man in body and spirit. He was strenuous in endeavor, whether in conversation or on his back in wet woods studying the history of trees. His book "Walden" can be gentle, as in his famous talks with a woodchuck, but it is tough in fabric—a Yankee toughness, elastic, adaptable, resilient in ideas. If you had asked the author what his profession was, he would have answered "surveyor," or possibly "handyman." But if you had the right look in your eyes, he might have replied "seeker." He was not a philosopher. Like Socrates, he did not teach Absolute Truth, for he did not know what it was. Like Socrates, his search was not for absolute excellence, but to persuade men to learn what might be their own good life.

"Walden" is one of the most delightful books, because it is full of admirable description and narrative of a little region seen by the best observer and best transcriber of what his senses told him was reality. Yet this reality was made vivid and significant by his constant questions. What is the reality behind the senses, what is man's spirit, what is the good life, and the dynamics of experience which make it worth living? Hence an account of the whippoorwill's staccato, as Thoreau takes notes by moonlight, or the communications of his fisher-

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—By N. C. Wyeth, from "Men of Concord."

". . . the mysteries of water lilies and flowing water."

man friends by the river, carry possibilities of insight far beyond mere observation.

But for Henry observation of man and nature had to be accurate. It was more important that it should be intensive than extensive. Henry's laboratory was nature, by which he meant the cosmos—a cosmos observed minutely on the scale of a museum. He was called a Naturalist, and indeed he belonged to that famous period of science when evolution began to be proved and physics became more than a toy. Yet in what we call pure science he was only a gifted observer. Like Agassiz, he was a classificationist; his notes did not rise beyond accuracy, no matter how great their literary merit. In pure science he never did but one perfect job, and that was his study of the history of lakes. In pure scientific research it may be said that his endless observation of detail proved his honesty but often clogged his more important insights.

As a pioneer naturalist he belongs to a time which had not yet come to full realization. If he is to be called a scientist at all, he must be reckoned with a new type of philosophical scientist, just now appearing in the atomic age, who has realized that materialism, in spite of all its triumphs and transformation of research and analysis, has never and will never answer finally the greatest of questions that can and must be asked of human life. It was the intuition of such questions which made Thoreau determine to learn what he could by the senses, in a small accessible area to which he was deeply sympathetic, and thus begin in truly Yankee fashion to stir his imagination practically, not metaphysically, toward a more absolute truth.

AND so "Walden" became not mere research, but literature. Research, he came to believe, would lead to great steps in civilization, but only steps. His talks with a woodchuck would sometimes be followed with more scientific detail, but scientific detail could not go all the way to settling the greater questions as to the relations among God, man, and beast. What is then the link? Not only matter, he began to think, but something more subtle than flesh and skin, something more far-ranging than evolution. It needed grace, humor, a spiritual element not yet resolved. Through all Thoreau's observations runs a quest for something more that gives a throb to this search toward and for the infinite, and a felt importance to the study of even a dead moose. It is this, to repeat, which makes "Walden" literature.

"An experiment," he called his retreat to Walden Pond. His purpose, so he said, in the early pages of "Walden," was to prove that a poor scholar, with no resources except his hands, some little productive land in the woods, and a lake to fish on, could subsist, keep warm, and yet have abundant time to study, write, and think—especially think. When he completed his demonstration he went home, having sucked Walden dry, and was satisfied. Some have said that "Walden" is a "phoney" book, its lesson, if any, good only for hermits or misanthropes. This is nonsense. Like Socrates again, Thoreau did not know what the good life was for everyone, but he could guess what it might be for himself. Walden supplied the best life for a nature lover, a self-subsisting man like the pioneers, for a scholar who needed not money but time to ask himself questions. When Henry went home he had answered one question, "How to attain simplicity in *my* life?" He was ready to testify to the experience.

Thoreau was more worldly than the eremites who sought the Egyptian deserts. They also sought the God behind man. But nature and the flesh were for them merely confusing veils. Their method was semi-starvation. To stay alive they seem to have subsisted on dates and brackish water—water which was free if they could find it, dates which must have been brought to them, for they certainly could not grow them. Beans and fish and an occasional hot meal from Concord, even a poor scholar (brought up in rural New England) could provide for himself, if he had faith in nature and liked the simple life. Thoreau's job required rich nature and living men, not a sterile desert. I would compare him rather to Mahomet, also a God-searching man, a greater man in the world's sense than Thoreau, but not more self-confident and obstinate of will. Mahomet lived in oases and small towns until he had formulated the Koran, which is again a book of questions made up of a narrative

(*Continued on page* 40)

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MODERN AMERICA

The U. S. Melting Pot

"The American People in the Twentieth Century," by Oscar Handlin *(Harvard University Press. 244 pp. $3.75), considers the role the newer immigrant groups have played in our national life during the past fifty years. Here it is reviewed by Eric F. Goldman, associate professor of history at Princeton, author of "Rendezvous with Destiny: A History of Modern American Reform" and other books.*

By Eric F. Goldman

THEY kept coming, millions of them, Lithuanians, Japanese, and Greeks, Sicilians with the knives of Old Country vendettas in their packs and bearded Jews murmuring prayers of some far-off ghetto and Mexicans leading a line of ragged offspring. Many an old-stock American of the early twentieth century watched this mass immigration with an irritation akin to dismay. Who wants these "beaten men of beaten races"? the cries went up. "To hell with Jews, Jesuits, and steamships."

Historians, too, were sniffish. Most of them wrote of the United States as a core of decent white Protestant Anglo-Saxons harassed by hordes from an outer world of squalor and darkness. Then, gradually, the tone of the histories changed. The beaten men were standing erect in the tonic air of a free society; the context of all American thinking was becoming more generous; sons of the new migrations themselves were beginning to write the histories. By the end of the 1930's American scholarship was hurrying toward a recognition that to concentrate on the embattled nobility of the white Protestant Anglo-Saxons was to miss much of the point of a unique national experience.

It was in this changing atmosphere that Oscar Handlin, of the Harvard history department, began making his contributions to the reinterpretation. Mr. Handlin not only wrote with abundant sympathy for the newcomer; his thinking included a probing for the more subtle relationships within a nation built on successive layers of immigration. This showed in his earlier monographs. It led to the central theme of his distinguished volume, "The Uprooted," which emphasizes the sense of alienation that came to men and women suspended between an Old World they could not entirely forget and a new society which denied them full acceptance. Now Mr. Handlin has moved another long step forward in his scholar's quest. "The American People in the Twentieth Century" weaves the new immigrant, his joys as well as his frustrations, into a study of the whole population of the United States during the last half century.

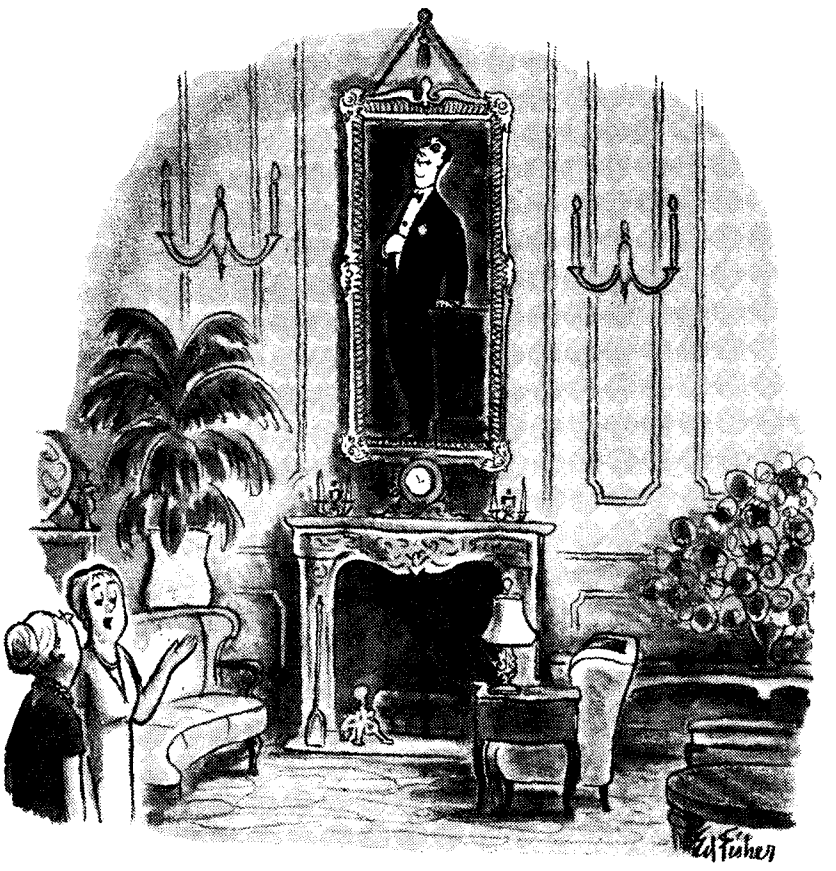
The story begins with an early twentieth-century America that had a color line which locked millions of Negroes, Orientals, and Mexicans in an area of few opportunities. Serious tensions marked many other group relationships. Yet on the whole social fluidity was so great that the country absorbed millions of newcomers and underwent disruptive internal migrations with a bouncing expansiveness of spirit.

World War I and its aftermath brought sharp changes. Wilson's call for national self-determination had an electric effect on minorities within the United States. The rise of xenophobia, of doctrines of racism, and of demands for conformity drove further wedges between Americans. While tensions mounted, confidence ebbed. The drastic curtailment of immigration in the Twenties, followed by the depression of the Thirties, convinced many that the country's ebullient era was over. Even the large-scale internal migrations of the Thirties came less from a zest for new opportunities than from a desire to minimize risks.

World War II and the postwar years have not continued this trend. Instead, a dozen circumstances brought a fresh sense of expansiveness. If xenophobia and demands for conformity returned, minority groups nevertheless made notable advances toward equal opportunities and even the ferocity of the color line softened. Gifted with enormous resiliency, Americans moved into the troubled Fifties with hope, if not with great confidence.

ALL of this, in Mr. Handlin's skilled hands, makes fascinating reading. He not only writes with a deft sureness of knowledge. This historian has an instinct for the man with a bother, for all the shadowy, half-articulated feelings which other able Americans could study for a lifetime and never really understand.

Whether the reader will go along fully with Mr. Handlin's climactic



"Oh, that's Mr. Blornay—our interior decorator."

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point is quite another matter. He sees the early 1950's as a period in which the nation is turning more and more to voluntary ingroupings, based in part on ethnic backgrounds. The trend, he believes, is essentially healthy. In an era of nagging insecurities, the groups bring to the individual a steadying sense of belonging. In a period of overwhelming state powers, of demands for total loyalty and absolute conformity, such associations give men a way to "check the state's power without directly opposing it."

No one could question that the ingrouping is an important fact of the present day or that it has its beneficial aspects. But by writing warmly of the partially ethnic quality of these groups Mr. Handlin certainly moves on to debatable ground. In America of the Fifties psychiatrists' couches are kept warm by the sons and daughters of minorities who have been encouraged to seek a sense of personal security in an ethnic background which they really want to escape. American public affairs of the last decade are splotched with instances of groups who remembered their ancestors and forgot the general welfare.

The years have seen a faction of Jews ready to wreck aid to Britain, a bastion of the free world, because of Britain's attitude toward Palestine; great cities reduced to the point where a prime qualification of a mayoralty candidate was the proper Old Country birthplace for his parents; and Hazel Scott testifying that she supported the Communist candidate, Benjamin Davis because, after all, he was the only Negro running. Emphasis on ethnic antecedents easily slips over into chauvinism, and a good deal of history suggests that minority chauvinisms are not one whit less dangerous, to the individual or to the nation, than the clan-consciousness of a majority.

Perhaps the relaxing prosperity of America today, the community of feelings which comes with the threat of annihilation from abroad, is leading to still another era, when groupings will cut more and more across the lines of ethnic origins. If so, the people of the United States are discovering the most valuable kind of ancestors—ancestors who stay dead.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHAT WAS THAT ADDRESS, PLEASE?

O. B. and A. W. Chilton of Mesilla Park, New Mexico, present the names of sundry fictional characters together with their home addresses (which, unfortunately, have become rather badly scrambled). You are asked to assign the proper parties to the proper estates and also to identify the books in which the characters appear and the authors of those books (a chore in which you will be aided by the fact that several of the place names are themselves book titles). If of the sixty scraps of information sought you get as many as forty regard yourself as a qualified hedge-trimmer; forty-one to fifty, a certified floor-waxer; fifty-one or better, accredited guardian of the wine-cellar. Answers on page 36.

1. Mr. John Jarndyce ( ) Cypress Hill
2. Sir Pitt and Lady Crawley ( ) Plumfield
3. Miss Emma Woodhouse ( ) Windswept
4. Citizen (Gunner) Peyrol ( ) Java Head
5. Lady Leicester (née Robsart) ( ) Twelve Oaks
6. Mr. and Mrs. Jolyon Forsyte ( ) Silver Ho
7. Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Pomfret ( ) Mallards House
8. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, and Masters Emil, Ernest, and Jack Robinson ( ) The Shaws
9. Christopher Glowry, Esq. ( ) The Slopes
10. Sir Roger and Lady Scatcherd ( ) Les Sapins
11. "Good Old Julia" Packett (while abroad) ( ) Box Hill
12. Mr. Alec d'Urberville ( ) Nightmare Abbey
13. Mr. Ebenezer Balfour ( ) Tree House, Tent House, or Rock House
14. Mrs. Emmeline Lucas of Tilling ( ) White Ladies
15. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Adverse ( ) Robin Hill
16. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Wilkes ( ) Cumnor Place
17. Captain Jeremy Ammidon ( ) Escampobar Farm
18. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Marston ( ) Hartfield
19. Mr. and Mrs. Friedrich Bhaer ( ) Bleak House
20. Mrs. Julia Shane ( ) Queen's Crawley

Light on Dark Corners

"Individualism Reconsidered," by David Riesman *(Free Press. 529 pp. $6), is a volume of catalytic essays about contemporary American society, by the author of "The Lonely Crowd" and "Faces in the Crowd." Robert Bierstedt, who reviews it here, is chairman of the department of sociology and anthropology at the City College of New York.*

By Robert Bierstedt

AMERICAN sociologists sometimes come from curious places. In an earlier period they frequently came from the ministry and in both earlier and more recent times they have come from philosophy, philology, economics, political science, and journalism. In David Riesman we have a migrant from the law.

Riesman first came to public attention in 1950 with the publication (with Nathan Glazer and Reul Denney) of "The Lonely Crowd" and again two years later with "Faces in the Crowd." In "The Lonely Crowd" Riesman attempted to establish three different character types in American culture: the tradition-directed, the inner-directed, and the other-directed. "Tradition-directed," a concept which, for example, characterizes the usual primitive society, is almost self-explanatory. The question whether a person is inner-directed or other-directed, on the other hand, depends upon whether he assimilates his principles from his parents or from his peers. In the first case he meets with consistency and determination the changing social situations of his experience; in the second he tacks back and forth, unsteadily, in response to the various and often vagrant opinions of the groups to which he happens to belong.

It was the thesis of "The Lonely Crowd" that contemporary Americans are becoming increasingly other-directed, and it appeared that Riesman viewed this development with disapproval. He went further. He tried, with little enthusiasm and with less success, to relate these changes to population trends. The insights in the book, however, were so superior that they won a certain autonomy over its central thesis, and they properly received a favorable judgment on their own account.

"Faces in the Crowd," a book of over 700 pages written in collaboration with Nathan Glazer, presented twenty-one detailed case studies of people interviewed in various places,

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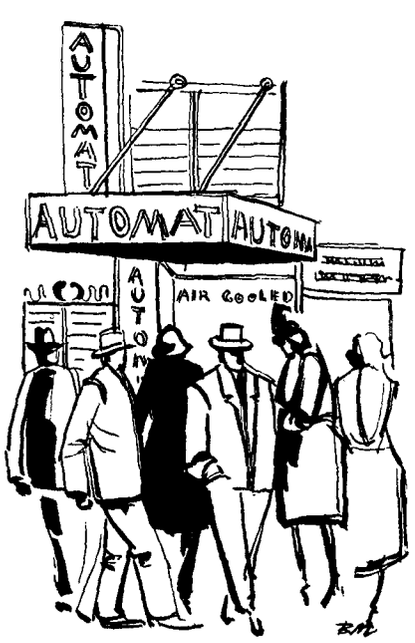
studies designed, presumably, to supply at least some of the data from which the generalizations in the first book were derived. This enterprise encountered the severe criticism of some sociologists, notably Richard T. LaPiere of Stanford University, who maintained that by no stretch of the imagination could the data support the conclusions. One answer to this criticism is that the author is an artist, not a statistician, but in that case of course the interviews became irrelevant. In any event the originality of these books, combined with their thoughtful and suggestive quality, made Riesman, in no derogatory sense, the darling of the intellectuals.

HIS latest publication, "Individualism Reconsidered," is a book of a different kind. It consists of thirty of Riesman's essays covering a substantial range of subjects in which he discourses on everything. He divides them into seven groups, each preceded by introductory remarks, as follows: individualism, minorities, culture (popular and unpopular), Veblen, Freud, totalitarianism, and problems of method in the social sciences. For sheer brilliance, in a book to which that word can generally be applied, none of them exceeds "The Nylon War." In this delightful satire Riesman imagines that we raid the Russians and drop upon them not bombs but rather the surplus products of our free-enterprise system—lipsticks, cigarettes, cigarette-lighters, permanent-wave kits, wrist watches, electric shavers, toasters, radios, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, pogo-sticks, and tricycles—and in this way completely confound their culture and their economy.

A collection of essays written at different times can obviously present no systematic treatment of any unified theme, not even the one suggested by the title. The genius of Riesman resides in his insights, many of which are profound and some of which are startling. He probes beneath the surface of things and discovers, for example, that it is the domestic Communists themselves who are the dupes, rather than the people who have been duped by them. He notices that "the morally indignant person is often a sadist whose own impulses were his first victims." He remarks—on Utopian thinking—that even little plans are impossible without large visions and that it is the "common-sense" goals which are often unattainable. He wonders why automobile windows should operate by push-buttons when the job of cranking them up and down is not unpleasant. He reminds the members of minority groups that powerlessness is not necessarily synonymous with ethical superiority. He observes that to be a minority within a minority may be more oppressive than to be a minority within a majority. He suggests that the day-to-day "adjustment" of children to their surroundings may not be conducive to their long-run happiness. He reminds us that nothing resembles a welfare state quite so much as a modern corporation. And he declares that personality "integration" may be a dubious ideal. These are only a few, chosen pretty much at random, which, if they do not always make the reader stand up and cheer, at least stir him to thought. It is the "shock-technique" in teaching, and Riesman uses it with the finesse of a master.



Riesman's technique, however, sometimes does him a disservice and encourages him to entertain questionable views. He is insufficiently impressed, for example, by the atrocities committed by reactionaries in our midst, on the ground that there are limits, even in Russia, to totalitarian power. He tells us to stop worrying so much about Senator McCarthy. And he says that if professors have recently come under attack this may be regarded as a tribute to their new and increasing importance in American society. In these and in similar instances not even Orwell can disturb his calm, although a later postscript to one of the essays indicates that he might not now say quite the same things in quite the same way, and that he is well aware of more recent "erosions of intellectual freedom."

There remains a certain imprecision in some of Riesman's distinctions. He writes, for example, a long review of Helen Howe's novel of a few years ago, "We Happy Few," in which he

(*Continued on page 39*)

—Robert McCullough

THE AUTHOR: David Riesman, one of sociology's most challenging salesmen, is a splendid, if uncommon, illustration of a social scientist—or, for that matter, any kind of scientist—who can derive pain from the knowledge that his tome is selling beautifully, which Riesman's is. Back in 1950 Riesman innocently wrote "The Lonely Crowd," and Anchor Books just as innocently reissued it last fall. Well, it promptly turned out to be the sort of book bookshops run out of; a few weeks ago, a shop near Columbia University hurriedly put up a sign proclaiming: "THE LONELY CROWD IS IN." Calm returned to 116th Street. In all, the book has sold 41,000 Anchor copies, making it at once the best seller of the series and probably the biggest intrusion in Riesman's sociological life. "I had no idea it would sell so widely and am not entirely happy this has occurred," he says. "The kind of research which went into the book can be pursued only if one has fairly ample amounts of time and privacy, and the unexpected popular reception of my work, of which your own call is one example, is not an unmixed blessing. Thus, while I cannot help but be gratified at the interest of many thoughtful Americans in themselves and in our culture, I must also bear the pains and penalties of so stimulating them." All these ambivalent feelings were aired the other day at Harvard, where Riesman, a University of Chicago professor, is conducting a summer seminar. His career as a bestselling sociologist is the end-product of a succession of Riesman careers—biochemist (Harvard, '31), lawyer (Harvard, '34), law clerk (to Mr. Justice Brandeis, '35), law professor (Buffalo, Columbia), and deputy assistant D.A. (a New York county). Riesman, a rapt cross-examiner of the changing American character, has a knack for finding an essay's worth of material anywhere. Man, say, goes to a football game; next thing you know, Riesman has happily dashed off: "Football in America: A Study in Culture Diffusion." He is always up to things like that.

—BERNARD KALB.

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The Western World's Heritage

"The Story of Our Civilization," by Philip Lee Ralph *(E. P. Dutton. 319 pp. $3.75), is a short, interpretative account of our Western heritage. Here it is reviewed by Geoffrey Bruun, author of "Europe in Evolution" and other books.*

By Geoffrey Bruun

PHILIP LEE RALPH, who is head of the department of history at Lake Erie College, wrote "The Story of Our Civilization," a short critique of our Western heritage, under a grant from the Eugene F. Saxton Memorial Trust. Let no one be misled by the innocent sounding title. Here is no text for the primary grades but an essay for adults—one of the most lucid, provocative, and penetrating appraisals of European history that has appeared in recent years.

Few historians today, hedged in by specialization, would have the courage to evaluate "10,000 Years of Western Man" in 300 pages. It is too strict a test of a writer's style, judgment, and objectivity. In the present case the result is first rate because Professor Ralph has not limited himself to facts: he enriches them with sane and shrewd observations and deductions. He weighs the virtues and defects of earlier ages—and diagnoses our own—with a fine critical independence and an arresting insight. This cool, judicial review of the Europeans and their cultural evolution is a book to set beside Crane Brinton's "Ideas and Men" and the late Carl Becker's "Progress and Power." It is a distillation of history, written by an historian who is also a philosopher but eschews philosophical jargon and pretensions.

The note of restrained irony that lightens the book until its final page is struck in the opening chapter, a brief summary of man's estimate of himself and his place as the "lord of creation." Where will one find a neater rebuke to anthropocentric conceits than in the quiet reminder that "many factors could be cited to explain the basis for man's preeminence, but one is sufficient—it is he who does the classifying?" Chapter Two, likewise brief, makes it clear that "man is endowed with a tendency toward civilization, but not with civilization itself." With Chapter Three, on "The Ancient Near East," we enter recorded history, and the remaining nine chapters carry the account to the present.

In the classroom emphasis on recent and contemporary history has tended of late to curtail the attention once lavished on the ancient and medieval eras. Mr. Ralph's position in today's "Quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns" is a conservative compromise. The first quarter of his book carries the story to the collapse of the Roman Empire; the Renaissance comes about halfway through; and the last five centuries are covered in five long chapters.

But if his space assignments are conventional, his evaluations are not. He belongs to that growing minority who recognize the technological advances achieved in the Middle Ages as a vital and neglected historical strand. He plays down the Renaissance and Reformation—both primarily backward-looking in their inspiration—and he relegates "The Rediscovery of Man" to the eighteenth century. He recognizes the dynamic influence science and technology have exerted, especially in the last two centuries, and he reserves one of his longest chapters for "The Discovery of the Machine."

ALONG the way he finds time to scatter words of wisdom as antidotes against past and present misconceptions. Concerning theories of racial superiority, for instance, he notes:

> There is no sound evidence that the slight biological differences between the varieties of human stock now extant determine the character of social evolution or provide an explanation of the cultural divergences between one group and another.

And on the distrust of dissent and the fear of subversion he offers a pertinent warning:

> Heresy hunters are intolerant not only of unorthodox ideas; worse than that, they are intolerant of ideas—of any ideas which are really alive and not empty cocoons.

No two readers are likely to agree on all the judgments Mr. Ralph offers. He himself, now that the Minoan script is yielding its secrets, may soon modify his view that the Aegean civilization was "almost extinguished" by the Greek invaders. His verdict on Roman achievements ("The Classical Failure") seems unnecessarily severe, and his dark prognosis for our contemporary civilization even more so.

He sees Western society today as a "Civilization in Crisis" and although he concedes that European culture has displayed a surprising resilience in the past he is not very confident that such resilience is still there. Our institutions are too rigid, our industrialism is too headstrong. We have learned how to *produce* but not how best to *distribute* the largesse of the machines. Our energies are geared to the manufacture of "expendable" things, and what is more expendable than war material?

Under contemporary pressures we are rapidly becoming militarized, "releasing our economy from the vagaries of consumer demand and harnessing it to the requirements of a government directed enterprise." We make profits from war and the fear of war. The current trend of Western economy "rests on the insane premise that the only way to keep the industrial order functioning efficiently is by letting it produce the instruments that will destroy it utterly." This grim conclusion will repel many readers who applaud Professor Ralph's equally incisive verdicts on the follies of earlier generations. But it is typical of his unequivocal honesty in diagnosing historical trends as he sees them.

Philip Lee Ralph—"words of wisdom."

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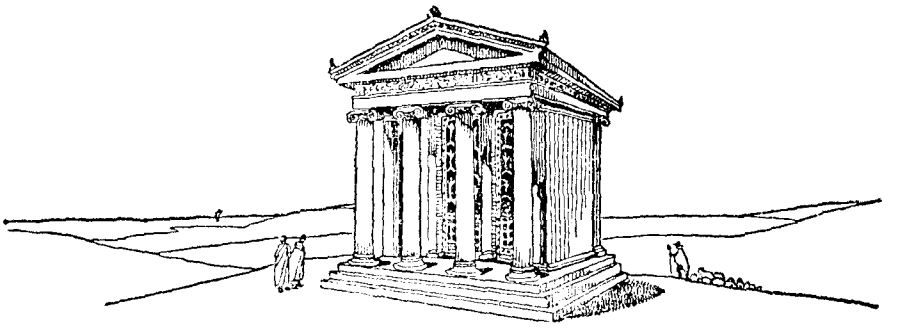
Divine in Life

"The Homeric Gods," by Walter F. Otto *(translated by Moses Hadas. Pantheon Books. 310 pp. $5), is a German scholar's fresh interpretation of the religious significance of the Homeric stories. Edith Hamilton, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Greek Way" and other books.*



—From "Builders of the Old World" (Little, Brown).

By Edith Hamilton

WALTER F. OTTO'S "The Homeric Gods" is a book which should be read not only by those interested in Greek mythology, but by those interested in the Greek mind. The original is in German, but the translation is admirable. Through the translator's subtle skill and beauty of style it has become an English book. No one who is acquainted with Moses Hadas's translation will be surprised, but to me this is his most notable achievement.

There are two main reasons why the book is valuable. The less important is that it quotes everything said by Homer about the gods and much that the other poets say, giving even a reader who knows them, but has read them only separately, a fresh and vivid impression. But the chief claim to interest is that it is a book about the Olympians written with religious fervor. Those enchanting stories, discarded long ago as of no religious significance, considered at best trivial and childish, appear here in a pure religious light. As far as I know, Professor Otto's point of view is unique.

The real religion of the Olympic gods was centered in life, what Christ called "life more abundantly." It had cast off the power of dark mystery, Professor Otto tells us, from which it had arisen; it was concerned only with clarity and the power of reality, with the beauty that is truth and the truth that is beauty. "Greek religion," Professor Otto writes, "regarded the essence of humanity as divine. . . . The Greek united reverent recognition to acute observation of the real. . . . It was not desire or aspiration, but life, that steeped him in the purple brilliance of the divine. . . . He encountered his deities in the likeness of man; he discovered his own nobility and grandeur in their images."

It is a far cry from this conception to the way in which most religions have been conceived. Consider the appalling divinity of the Pentateuch. He is unhuman. One of his names is the Fear of Isaac. He is described as saying: "I will make mine arrows drunk with blood and my sword shall devour flesh, with the blood of the slain and of the captive."

Deity would never have appeared to the Greek under such an aspect. The Olympians, in Professor Otto's words, "are never unhuman; they are superhuman, but always real with the truth of life. Theirs is the rapture of imperishable youth, beauty, and grandeur, not terrifying, but enlightening, bright and free."

CONSIDER again an almost modern divinity who foreordained to eternal torture beings he had created: "All mankind by Adam's fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to the ills of this life, to death, and the pains of hell forever." The Greek would have turned with horror or with scorn from that picture of illimitable malice. For himself he knew that he could not lose communion with the divine. He was surrounded by it, by the perfect living forms of the gods, eternal realities. Professor Otto writes of this Greek conviction in words which apply also to the great Christian conception of the Incarnation, the divine in the human: "The perfect human reality takes the place of the image or symbol. The most excellent of the forms of this world must be the image of the godhead. . . . Godhead here implies the manifestation at nature's highest point of its greatest glory and truth. . . . In that the god bears human traits, he exhibits in its most spiritual aspect this realm [of all life]."

The Olympians are regarded as a gay and rollicking company, and so they were. They are held—and truly—to be imperfect moralists, capable of deplorable deeds. Even so, Professor Otto shows another aspect of them which is true and which is profoundly important. Greek religion offered no refuge from this world, but it saw the natural, existence as it actually is in the real world, as capable of revealing the spiritual and the eternal.

Professor Otto quotes Hölderlin's line: "Who most deeply has thought loves what is most alive."

Our Greek Roots

"The Spring of Civilization," by Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr. *(E. P. Dutton. 464 pp. $7.50), is an anthology of the intellectual and artistic remains of that period even the ancients acknowledged to be "classic," the fifth century B. C. Moses Hadas, who reviews it here, is professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia University and author of "A History of Greek Literature."*

By Moses Hadas

OUR OWN civilization, all literate people agree, is based ultimately upon the Greek achievement, and one of the reasons it sometimes appears so crazy and teetering a structure is that its upper stories are less and less truly centered upon their original foundations. These foundations are themselves obviously the best plumb line for assessing deviations, and at the same time a pattern by which to refine our conceptions of our own premises and practices. Hence a book which makes the ancient experience accessible can do more than satisfy antiquarian or esthetic curiosity: it can enhance our understanding of our own problems and our resources for confronting them.

The whole of the Greek experience, Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr., recognizes, cannot be presented in a single book, and so in "The Spring of Civilization" he has limited himself to the period which the ancients themselves and all their posterity have agreed to call classic—the Age of Pericles. From that period he has chosen six tragedies (Aeschylus's "Agamemnon"; Sophocles's "Oedipus the King," "Oedipus at Colonus," and "Antigone"; Euripides's "Medea" and "Trojan Women"), two Platonic dialogues ("Apology" and "Symposium"), two passages from Thucydides (the Melian dialogue and the end of the Syracusan campaign), one from

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Xenophon (the reception of the news of Aegospotami), and some seventy photographs, mostly of buildings on the Acropolis. Professor Robinson's introductory comments to his four main divisions amount to some twenty-five pages, and he has added a brief chronological summary and bibliography. In effect, then, his book is an anthology of the intellectual and artistic remains of Athens in the latter half of the fifth century B.C.

IT IS a mark of respect to the reader to give him original documents rather than a discussion of them, and no one can deny that the documents Professor Robinson has chosen are central. But we may question the adequacy of the book nevertheless. Whether (as I think likely) the reader who takes this book up is already familiar with these classics, or (as Professor Robinson apparently thinks) he encounters them, as everyone sometime must, for the first time, he should be given some more extended explication, particularly of the tragedies and the "Symposium." A new reader cannot apprehend more than the outer layer of these richly meaningful pieces without guidance, and a reader already familiar with them should at least be shown how they relate to the humanism which I take to be Professor Robinson's *leitmotif*. Without understanding in some depth they are, in Thucydides's phrase, display pieces for the moment, not a possession for evermore. Both the tragic poets and their readers are entitled to something better, in so sumptuous a volume, than the stale translations (except for Mendell's "Oedipus") which comprise three-fourths of this volume. For a school text, which students are *required* to read, and under guidance, Professor Robinson has presented fresher versions of six Greek plays at a fraction of the price. Considering current production costs this handsome volume with its lavish plates is not overpriced, and it will contribute effectively to the purpose for which it is designed. But, having once got the attention of "the general reader and him alone," to whom Professor Robinson addresses his book, it is something of a pity that he does not exploit his opportunity more fully.

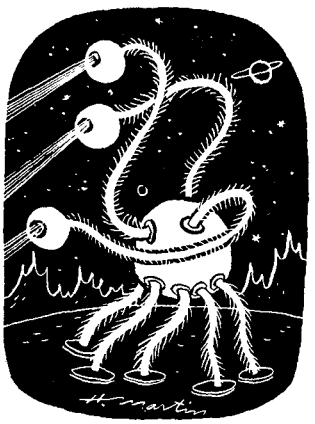
Man's Origins

HOW THE MYTHS BEGAN: One of the most tantalizing of all speculations is about the origins of mankind and the myths associated with its religious beginnings. G. R. Levy has applied the perceptive, specialized techniques of

(*Continued on page* 37)

FICTION

The Season's Science Fiction



Fletcher Pratt, a prolific writer and anthologist of science fiction and fantasy, is constantly watching the field to keep SR *readers posted on important new developments. Here he reports on nine volumes published during the past season which he feels most deserve the attention of discriminating readers.*

By Fletcher Pratt

ON THE whole, it has been a rather poor season for science fiction and fantasy, though poorer for the latter than the former. The sudden check in the operations of Ballantine Books, which for a time was threatening to take over the whole field, is no doubt partly responsible; but so also is the fact that the specialty publishers, who depend almost entirely on reprinting "classics" from the magazines, and the anthologists, who are entirely dependent upon this source, have been running out of good material. Most of the recent anthologies are remarkable rather for ingenuity of concept than perfection of execution, and will convince none of the doubting Thomases that this literary form is something to be taken seriously.

There are, of course, honorable exceptions. One is Frederik Pohl's **"Star Science Fiction Stories, No. 2"** (Ballantine, paperbound, 35¢; clothbound, $2), which by using only original stories by hand-picked authors beats most of the anthologists at their own game and quite outdoes the magazines at theirs. Another exception is the third **"Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction"** (Doubleday, $3.25), which has become an annual under the editorship of Anthony Boucher and J. Francis McComas. This anthology has the double advantage of not excluding pure fantasy, which gives it a much wider range than the rest, and of having been kept in mind by the twin editors from the beginning, so that when they got hold of a really hot story for their magazine they immediately exercised seignoral rights and let no one else have a chance at it for an anthology.

A third exception is the new Groff Conklin job, **"Science Fiction Thinking Machines"** (Vanguard, $3.50), in which the editor has quite rightly broken the taboo against using stories that have appeared elsewhere in hard covers, and as a result has come up with a remarkably fine collection to illustrate the various lines of thought about robots (including Capek's "R.U.R." which started the whole thing), androids, and computers. A good part are more remarkable for the ideas expressed than for the stories—but for that matter, so is a good part of science fiction generally.

Of the collections of stories by a single author the only one really ranking with the best of other years is **"Untouched by Human Hands,"** by Robert Sheckley (Ballantine, paperbound, 35¢). It has twelve short stories, mixed science fiction and fantasy, and every single one of them is right up to the John Collier level. If you want an introduction, try "The Demons."

THERE has been a notable tendency on the part of the general publishers who have taken up science fiction to turn out books which have not appeared in magazines, and it is curious that two of the best, **"Wild Talent,"** by Wilson Tucker (Rinehart, $2.50), and **"More Than Human,"** by Theodore Sturgeon (Farrar, Straus & Young, clothbound, $2; Ballantine, paperbound, 35¢) should deal with the same theme in quite different ways. (Part of the Sturgeon book did see magazine publication, but only part, and that with a conclusion that leaves the book version incomparably the more satisfying and effective.) The theme is telepathy, telekinesis, and related matters, which seem to be getting a good deal of attention from science-fiction writers, and so far as I know Mr. Sturgeon is the first writer to produce a plausible theory of how these things could work in-

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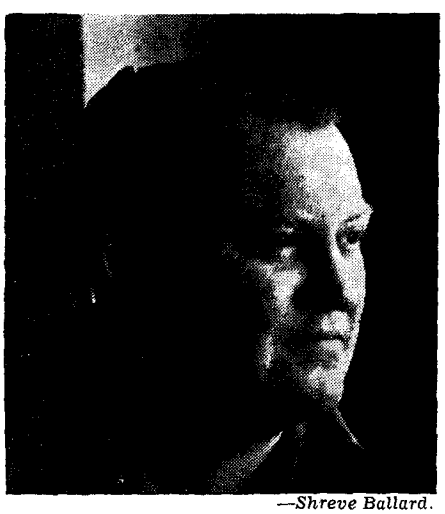
stead of merely saying they do. And purely as fiction, it's an extremely good story.

Another old hand, Isaac Asimov, weighed in with **"The Caves of Steel"** (Doubleday, $2.95), which really accomplishes something various science-fiction writers have been trying to do for a long while—it tells a first-class detective story in terms of a future and very advanced technology. Even his robots are completely believable, and the cleverest distinction is drawn between their emotionlessness and the very real emotions of the humans involved.

Probably **"The Sinister Researches of C. P. Ransom,"** by H. Nearing, Jr. (Doubleday, $2.95), also deserves mention among the better science fiction of the past season, although a good many readers will already be familiar with the ludicrous and improbable inventions of Professor Ransom and the trouble they get him into. In the book they are somewhat more talky than in the magazine version, but they have an integration the others lacked.

The only item of importance falling in the science-fiction field not by one of the old hands at the game is **"The Conquered Place,"** by Robert Shafer (Putnam, $3.50). This is a grimmish item about life in an America where all the country east of the Mississippi has been conquered, while along the line of the river there is a deadlock of exhaustion. The details could have come from Czechoslovakia or Poland; it is their application to American conditions and the author's infinite care in supplying and dovetailing together completely plausible items that makes the total shocking. It's "It Can't Happen Here" stuff of course, but Mr. Shafer has also succeeded in making it a tale of the degradation and dignity of the human spirit, and it deserves good marks.



—*Shreve Ballard.*

John Jennings—"neglected era."

To the Rescue of Greece

"Banners Against the Wind," by John Jennings *(Little, Brown. 299 pp. $3.75), is a novel about the Bostonian crusader Samuel Gridley Howe, and his work in behalf of the Greek people and American blind children a little more than a century ago.*

By Harrison Smith

THE American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Civil War, and the conquest of the West have provided themes for an endless stream of novels. The years between the War of 1812 and the Civil War, when the country was not in danger and its peaceful Eastern cities were expanding their trade across the Atlantic, have in comparison been neglected. John Jennings, after a dozen popular historical novels set in the more obvious periods, has ventured into this era with "Banners Against the Wind," a biographical novel about an almost forgotten American hero, Samuel Gridley Howe, the son of a stalwart Boston family. Joseph Howe, his father, was a cautious, conservative merchant whose family rope yard had provided the fighting frigates and clipper ships of New England with their cordage. Sam was an idealist, a tall, handsome, young man who made up his mind that as soon as he had graduated from medical school he would sail to Greece, join Lord Byron, and help to save Hellenic civilization from conquest by the brutal and pagan Turks. As he told his angry father, "Any man who will fight to be free, no matter where he lives, deserves all the help I can give him."

A Boston committee furnished him with medical supplies and a passage to the ravaged Greek port of Navarino on the Ionian Sea. He left behind a beautiful but obstinate young lady whom he was supposed to marry. Indeed, his ardor for Greek emancipation left little room for romance, though Bouboulinas, a ferocious and amorous female bandit, attempted later to seduce him by force, and a voluptuous Turkish slave girl he rescued fell desperately in love with him. To the consternation of his American associates Sam took the slave into his household and might have succumbed to her wiles if the lady bandit had not attacked his refugee settlement and cut the girl's throat.

Aside from his Bostonian regard for male chastity, Sam Howe was every inch a man. He arrived in Greece at a time when the nation was starving and in political and military chaos. He was presumably a man of peace, a physician sent to establish field hospitals and relief centers. When the Turks invaded Southern Greece he fought them and at the same time tried to keep on good terms with the Greek officials and governors who wanted to steal his supplies.

HOWE soon realized that he was confronted with a far greater problem than curing wounded and sick soldiers; he had to save as many of the common people of Greece as he could reach from death by plague and hunger. He was perhaps the first American to conceive of foreign relief on a large scale. When he went back to Boston for the first time he had a plan of which General Marshall would have approved a hundred and ten years later. He wanted to pay thousands of peasants to rebuild their villages and towns and to teach them a modern conception of agriculture. After lecturing through the States to obtain the necessary money and the promise of American ships to carry the quantity of needed supplies, he returned to Greece. The Greeks had found a king and temporarily stable government, and he was given a decoration and the title of chevalier.

Back home in Boston again, he found himself a hero without a cause. Sam was a man who could not live without one. Soon he started the first school in America for blind, deaf, and dumb children. He visited state legislatures with two little girls who had learned to read a raised type he had invented, and again the money flowed in. He was forty years old when three charming young ladies visited his asylum. One of them was Julia Ward. The story of the novel ends with his courtship and marriage, though Samuel and Julia Ward Howe later became ardent and for a time extremely unpopular, emancipationists. His belief that every man should be free had not been weakened by his trials in Greece. The reader of "Banners Against the Wind" may regret that Mr. Jennings's story of this remarkable American ends so abruptly.

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Conquest by Machine

"Heroes of the Empty View," by James Aldridge *(Alfred A. Knopf. 428 pp. $3.95), is the story of Ned Gordon, a D. H. Lawrence-like figure who finds in oil-ridden Arabia the peace of mind he could not find in Socialist Britain.*

By Walter Havighurst

DURING his years as a British correspondent James Aldridge has seen current history unfolding in many parts of the world, and it has left him with a somber view of human destiny. In his latest novel, "Heroes of the Empty View," he points out one race and one region where man has not yet been overwhelmed by materialism and the machine. The "empty view" is the desert of Arabia; its heroes are the Arab tribes who in this novel make their last stand against the wave of the future which is breaking across the oil-rich wastes of the Middle East.

It is a long and strenuous novel, moving from Arabia to England and back again, picturing the primitive freedom of the desert and the crushing interdependence of Socialist England. Though the action includes warfare in the desert, a dockside strike in London, the capture of Arabian oil fields by rebel tribesmen, this is primarily a novel of ideas. It is a prolonged and inconclusive argument about the role of man in the heaving postwar world.

Chief of the heroes of the desert is Ned Gordon, a present-day Lawrence of Arabia, who came to the East "a puzzled man, overladen with English gods and the history gods." In Arabia he found "the only man on earth who knows what freedom is, because he has it in his soul and cannot betray it." This mystique upheld Gordon in his struggle for tribal independence, but it proved hollow in the end.

Gordon is an arresting figure. Small, intense, weathered like a camel-driver, fanatically idealistic, he was enigmatic to his associates and suspected of "mind madness" by his enemies. General Martin, supporter of the oppressive Bahraz rule and defender of the oil fields, argued Gordon's duty as an Englishman, but Gordon acknowledged only the claims of right. In the desert, he had found, an individual's choice is absolute, whether he is a prince or a goatherd. That freedom he would defend against the policies of his own country. He regarded himself not as an Englishman but as a typical "Tribal Arab."

James Aldridge—"authoritative knowledge."

Gordon thought he could not go back to the complicated mass of living in his own country. But when the revolt was put down he was banished from Arabia, and the middle section of the novel shows him in England. There he was a restless man, shunning notoriety, racing a motor-bike between Hampshire and the industrial Midlands. With the revolutionary Tess he found both love and controversy. He could not join her class world; he would not drown himself in the masses whose cause she had embraced.

WHEN rebellion flares again in Bahraz, Gordon returns to the desert, an enemy of the English policy, leading the tribes in their attack on the old-fields. Again his mysticism leaps up. "Every Arab is a God in his desert." But two of his desert gods have become truck drivers, wholly fascinated by the machine. They symbolize the surrender of the tribes, though the revolt is victorious, to the soulless machine culture.

In his last dramatic action Gordon tries to throw the switch that would blow up the oil-fields and save the tribes from a proletarian dogma. But the novel ends with the tribesmen praising the new world of science and collectivism, while Gordon "goes out" in despair of it.

This provocative novel is written with authoritative knowledge of men, machines, and politics. Ned Gordon dies, as he has lived, in the ferment of current history. But his argument, sometimes eloquent, sometimes hysterical, for the preservation of primitive life and tribal culture, is as romantic as St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia."

Portuguese Folks

"The Relic," by Eça de Queiroz *(translated by Aubrey F. G. Bell. Noonday Press. 289 pp. $3.50), is a serio-comic tale of a young Portuguese who makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to escape the too-strict chaperonage of a "pious" aunt.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

THE publication of Eça de Queiroz's amusing and serious novel "The Relic," like the publication earlier of his "Cousin Basilio," has or should have tremendous importance for contemporary Americans. It's true Queiroz died in 1900, that he was a severe critic of Sunday Christianity, that he lived in the small country of Portugal, where there are even now only eight million people. It is also true that he is still considered Portugal's major novelist, that one can learn to understand the Portuguese from his novel, that Portugal is a significant part of the world Americans must understand if they are to exert their immense economic and political power intelligently and morally.

What do we know about Portugal and the Portuguese? Of course we've heard of Salazar, of Portugal's neutrality during World War II, of the international intrigues that went on in Lisbon. Perhaps we've even heard that Camoes is a great writer we haven't read. It's doubtful if many of us, surely not I, have the intimate knowledge a novel such as "The Relic" presents better than the most expert revelation of past facts. To read Queiroz's novel makes one feel as well as understand by the intellect that Portugal is made up of superstitious, stupid, devout, intelligent, and hypocritical people such as he could also find in Indiana. It also makes one infer that skepticism and living the good life here on earth are more common among the Portuguese than among the Spaniards—and a lot more. "The Relic" should be read by members of the State Department as well as by citizens who think they, too, should understand and help control foreign policy.

Perhaps what I have emphasized about it implies that "The Relic" is pretty formidable reading. Actually, it is an entertaining serio-comic novel something like "Joseph Andrews" and "The Adventures of Augie March." Theodorico, the "hero," prefers sensuous to sanctimonious living, but he feels compelled to win his "pious'

(*Continued on page* 38)

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PEOPLE

Self-Analysis of Alcoholics

Three recently published books deal with the experiences of alcoholics who have been able to cure themselves: ***"I'll Cry Tomorrow," by Lillian Roth*** *(Frederick Fell. 347 pp. $3.95),* ***"This Is Norman Brokenshire," by Norman Brokenshire*** *(David McKay. 307 pp. $3.50), and* ***"An Alcoholic to His Sons," as told to Henry Beetle Hough*** *(Simon & Schuster. 245 pp. $3.50). In the accompanying essay Joseph Hirsh, consultant in the field of alcoholism to the Division of Medical Sciences, National Research Council, discusses the books and their implications.*

By Joseph Hirsh

OVER a decade ago a careful researcher estimated that there were some half-million titles in the field of alcoholism—propagandists' tracts, scientific tomes, novels, plays, and miscellany. The list has grown prodigiously since, and if there were any correlation between the number of these works and the successful prevention and cure of alcoholism the improvement in our national health would be staggering. Unhappily, it is improbable that all this literature has measurably affected the incidence of alcoholism.

The novel, the play, and the popular magazine article, however, have been important in another way: they have profoundly influenced public and professional attitudes toward the alcoholic. More than all of the scientific and educational tracts put together, they have shaped a new medical morality and infused modern treatment and rehabilitation programs with humanitarian feeling. And they have brought the alcoholic out of the family skeleton closet, or lifted him out of the city dump, helping him thereby to secure medical care and the help of Alcoholics Anonymous. These influences go a long way toward accounting for the popularity of such works, and they may therefore justify the time, effort, and anguish that have gone into their preparation.

But books and articles, no matter how inspirational, are severely limited in their capacity to reach the alcoholic himself. His problems are not of the intellect, but of the emotions and physiology, and he is therefore essentially uneducable by means of reason, exhortation, or inspiration.

If the alcoholic himself cannot be appreciably affected by the written word, at least the families of the apparently incurable have seen beacons of hope in the biographies and autobiographies of recovered alcoholics. These highly personal histories defy neat psychological classification. To judge from the jacket blurbs, the advertisements, and the reviews to date, Lillian Roth's and Norman Brokenshire's recently published autobiographies constitute milestones in alcoholism and associated mental illness.

Miss Roth's story "I'll Cry Tomorrow," starts with the classic traumatic experience of molestation by a grown man when she was five years old. It goes on through the days she spent as a child actress straining under the pressure of her stage-struck mother, and then portrays her rise to stardom in Hollywood by means of Broadway and road-company parts in Earl Carroll's "Vanities" and Shubert's "Artists and Models." She got the part in the latter show by adding four spurious years to her real age of fourteen and, in spite of her precocity, she seems to have been genuinely shocked and upset by the lewdness of the show and the scrambled sexuality of backstage life. At any rate, she gradually became an alcoholic as she tore through her twenties and thirties, which were years full of court battles, runaway marriages, and delirium tremens, whose effects she describes with telling detail. The whole book, including the tale of regeneration as an Alcoholic Anonymous, is characterized by violent and extreme emotion, and is likely to have considerable morbid as well as inspirational attraction.

—*Maurice Seymour.*

Lillian Roth—"beacons of hope."

In "This Is Norman Brokenshire" its author does not give quite so much of himself to the reader as does Miss Roth, but he adds to the value of his personal history by giving also a fairly complete view of the early history of radio broadcasting, with which he was intimately associated. He seems to have been able to work better at his job than she, even when he was drinking hard. The result is a kaleidoscope of personal exploits, some of them in plain and fancy drinking, some of them in broadcasting. In the latter division, he tells of the first nationwide broadcast of a Presidential inauguration, and the first broadcast coverage of a Presidential convention, and his reminiscences are spiced with the names and anecdotes of his colleagues and contemporaries through the years.

BOTH of these books are almost painfully frank, and this reviewer has speculated considerably on the problem of why their authors decided to make their private records public. The answer is probably to be found, beyond the measure of their good will, in the essential oral and exhibitionistic character of so many people who become alcoholics.

Alcoholics are among the most vocal people in the world, and many of them express this oral nature in exhibitionism and wordiness. These characteristics seem to be as important in their disease as its treatment and recovery. During recovery the insatiable substitutive consumption of coffee and "cokes" for alcoholic beverages and an interminable amount of exhibitionist confessional talk seem to be typical and necessary. Through their books Mr. Brokenshire and Miss Roth appear to be following several of the recovery steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, which helped them both, notably Step 4, calling for "a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves," Step 10, requiring a prompt (and often public) admission of wrongs committed, and Step 12, carrying "this message to alcoholics."

The writing of their books probably helped Miss Roth and Mr. Brokenshire. If the books also help, as I be-

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lieve they may, the families of alcoholics who may see in Miss Roth and Mr. Brokenshire the possibility of turning hell into heaven, I'm all for them. But this reviewer must part company with the authors when Miss Roth implies and Mr. Brokenshire states that such autobiographies may serve as signposts for those whom we fashionably call the "alcohol-prone." If books could successfully serve such a purpose Charles Jackson's "The Lost Weekend"—the novel and the motion picture—would have long ago made alcoholic words, antabuse, research, and education obsolete.

Each of their stories records a "lost weekend" that lasted more than a decade, the average period that scientists and clinicians estimate as necessary to produce a full-blown alcoholic. Each is replete with personal and clinical detail which will appear pointless or objectionable to some, and morbidly fascinating to others. Every trick, every rationalization, every subterfuge of the alcoholic is depicted along the drinking, as well as the recovery, road.

For those with any experience with alcoholism, particularly of such lurid varieties as the wino, sneaky-pete, or smoke-drinking school, the Brokenshire-Roth stories are pretty run-of-the mill. Yet because they were popular public figures their *mea culpa* tracts are likely to attract far greater attention than they otherwise might. This is all to the good, for there can be no doubt as to the impressiveness of their personal and professional recovery.

AN ALTOGETHER different story is told by Henry Beetle Hough in "An Alcoholic to His Sons." To be sure, it shares the exhibitionistic quality of the Roth-Brokenshire autobiographies. But in this case the autobiography is one that is "told to" Mr. Hough, and we never do learn the identity of the alcoholic. This, incidentally, is not unusual behavior in the alcoholic—to reveal, and yet to hide himself.

"An Alcoholic to His Sons" is a curious kind of book. Parts of it are biographical, parts of it read like a novel, and still other parts like a primer on alcoholism. In this latter capacity the book tries to answer a variety of questions commonly directed to scientific agencies and educational institutions working in this field. But to these questions there are no hard-and-fast answers. The ones this book attempts to provide can only be considered one man's opinion, just as alcohol itself may be meat for one man or poison for another. Answers to the questions "What is alcoholism?" "How can it be prevented?" "Should young people drink?" will be as varied as there are questioners and responders. Even experts within the field rarely agree on these matters.

What useful purpose, therefore, is performed by such a book as Mr. Hough's? It lacks the glamour, the popularity appeal, the lurid depths, the dramatic heights of the autobiographies. It lacks the frank revelation of personality which makes the autobiographies particularly appealing. Yet even in its anonymity it may perform the same general kind of function which the Roth and Brokenshire books do. It not only tells for all who will read it the story of descent and ascent, but it tells of the lessons learned. These lessons, to be sure, must be individually learned, but there will be those who will see something of their own images upon the pages. Should they find a glimmer of help or hope there, then this book, too, will have served a purpose.

Voice in the Night

By Mary Kennedy

SHE ran with the wind on cold wet sands,
Stared at the sea and twisted her hands,
Stumbling blind as the light grew dim.
She listened as though the sea had spoken
Of grief and horrors and pledges broken.
She moaned all the while a plaintive sound
That troubled the air in the eerie night,
And she sang the notes the evening long,
Yet nothing on earth was less like song.
It was the cry of a frightened child
Who wanders about with a head gone wild,
And speaks to the wind of a grievous wrong.
Who searches and mourns as she looks around
With a sad lost note that calls to him
Who has gone away, but she knows not where,
Nor knows where she is, if he be not there.

Mary Geneva Doud

"Mamie Doud Eisenhower: A Portrait of a First Lady," by Dorothy Brandon *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 307 pp. $3.75), and* ***"Red Carpet for Mamie," by Alden Hatch*** *(Henry Holt. 269 pp. $3.50), are breezily written biographies of Mrs. Ike.*

By Jack H. Pollock

RECENTLY on Groucho Marx's TV-radio program the $3,000 jackpot question was "What President's wife was born Mary Geneva Doud?" Groucho spelled the last name.

The contestants were a screenwriter, a schoolteacher, and two housewives. Their assorted answers were "Lincoln," "Jefferson," "Harrison," and one desperate suggestion: "Buchanan," the only Presidential bachelor.

Perhaps it is some sort of commentary on the reading habits of Americans that none knew the correct answer. Dorothy Brandon's chatty "Mamie Doud Eisenhower: A Portrait of a First Lady," had just finished a thirty-day serialization in the *New York Herald Tribune* and one hundred other U.S. newspapers, and Alden Hatch's more velvety four-part serialization of "Red Carpet for Mamie" was then being merchandized in *Ladies Home Journal.*

Could this contestant fluff about our present First Lady mean to deep-thinking Madison Avenue psychologists that comics and sports pages are more widely read in many newspapers than some highly touted features? And that cooking recipes are more enticing to many women magazine readers than some razzle-dazzle cover instalments? Whatever the prognosis, Dorothy Brandon's and Alden Hatch's "I-Remember-Mamie" condensations are now given the full biographical treatment in books. Each purports to be the "exclusive," "intimate," "frank," "revealing," and "told-for-the-first-time" story. Mrs. Brandon, a reporter on the 1952 campaign train, largely bases her book on personal interviews with Mrs. Eisenhower before she entered the White House. And Mr. Hatch, an "old family friend" who wrote a previous biography and boy's book about General Ike, dips even further back into his memory to retell Mamie's Storybook Romance.

Understandably, both biographies cover pretty much the same ground, taking warmhearted Mamie Doud

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from girlhood up to and through the Inaugural. The books, naturally, make a big to-do of her first meeting with Lieutenant Eisenhower and her nomadic life as a soldier's wife. The authors try to extract as much drama as possible in chronicling their heroine from her Denver homestead to the Executive Mansion. But each book has an entirely different quality.

DOROTHY BRANDON'S bubbling biography—which, incidentally, beat the Hatch one into the bookstalls—is more conversational, informal, and perhaps more "feminine." In its racy reportorial style, it is crowded with anecdotes and snappy quotes. It makes Mamie come alive as she never has before. Dismissing even her own preelection series on Mamie, Mrs. Brandon writes: "Outside of a few inconclusive magazine articles, little was known about [Mamie's] personality and background."

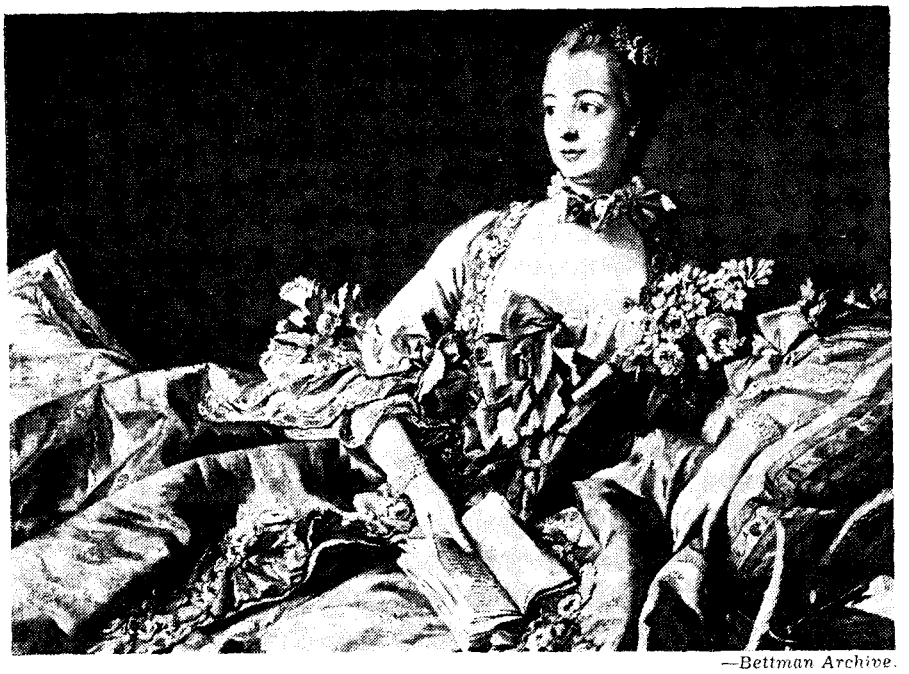
Alden Hatch's more suave book is written with greater flourish and shiny polish. He sets the tone at the very beginning in describing the Red Carpet which "was the hallmark of the Douds in Denver." Mr. Hatch also digs much farther back than Mrs. Brandon in chronicling Mamie's ancestors. The Hatch book has a kind of broccoli-and-old-lace quality, which is augmented by Allene Gaty's nostalgic illustrations.

It is no discredit to either book to say that neither is interpretive. Both authors merely set out to write warm, sympathetic stories of a woman who became First Lady. But, despite the obvious labors that went into each book, neither will probably prove to be the definitive study. The Eisenhower legend—like Lincoln and Roosevelt apocrypha—has already become part of our national folklore. Thus, in attempting to give their biographies a narrative continuity, the authors' facts may not always be infallible or above scholarly suspicion.

There is a little confusion for the Eisenhower scholar of tomorrow, too. For example, both authors have different accounts of Ike's attendance at his son John's birth. Mrs. Brandon says Ike was present; Mr. Hatch says he was still stationed down in Panama.

To quibble further: Mrs. Brandon reports it was "mutual shyness" that brought John and his wife, Barbara, together. I'm sure this revelation will come as a surprise to both the principals and those who know them. The Brandon book has other minor factual errors about the young Eisenhowers.

Yet, despite their journalism-in-a-hurry faults, both Mrs. Brandon's and Mr. Hatch's timely volumes are welcome additions to the growing Eisenhower literature.



—Bettman Archive.

La Pompadour, by Boucher—"fascinated every man who looked at her."

A Mistress of the Art of Living

"Madame de Pompadour," by Nancy Mitford *(Random House, 324 pp. $4.75), is a biography of Louis XV's celebrated mistress. Leo Gershoy, who reviews it here, is visiting professor of history at the University of California, Los Angeles.*

By Leo Gershoy

POSTERITY has guarded the good name of Madame de Pompadour rather less than jealously. The impairment of her reputation began in her own lifetime, and the writers of the century following the French Revolution went even further in their disparagement. The reader of Nancy Mitford's vivid biography does not have to go too far to sense the author's annoyance over this unfortunate state of affairs. From the earliest pages she tinctures her sympathetic treatment of the heroine with little drops of parenthetical petulance. It is fitting that something should be said for the victims of prejudice, and Miss Mitford, with her well-known charm of style, wit, and sophisticated intelligence, says it persuasively, endowing the stage and the players with life and color, tastefully refurbishing the faded glories of Versailles court life.

Her account of the vivacious and utterly charming Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson, who was to become the fabulous Madame de Pompadour, is perceptive, tender, and, above all, gallant. That delightful creature could act and dance and sing. She could paint and draw, play the clavichord to perfection, ride to hounds, cultivate her garden. She fascinated every man who looked at her. Once installed in the palace at Versailles, she directed and inspired the artists of her day, staged wonderful amateur theatricals, and, while conversing brightly with the *philosophes* and traveling everywhere with the man "who was indeed her God," successfully placated or bested hostile courtiers and rivals. She built, altered, sold, and decorated many little palaces and imbued the restless royal lover with her own exquisite appreciation of beautiful things.

Louis XV was sickly and shy as a child, but outdoor as well as indoor activities fortified his health, and he "grew up to be a charming man and an intelligent ruler with a high sense of duty." He was the vital center of *ce pays-ci*, "this little world of ours," as his retinue called the court. Miss Mitford cautions us to remember that it was a private little world, where "the four main pastimes were love, gambling, hunting, and the official entertainments," and in which "the courtiers . . . lived and prayed and danced to iron rules, and a timetable

(*Continued on page* 38)

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The Pain of Discontent

JOHN STEINBECK has some things to say about discontent in his new book, "Sweet Thursday." "Where does discontent start?" he asks. "You are warm enough, but you shiver. You are fed, yet hunger gnaws you. You have been loved, but your yearning wanders in new fields. And to prod all these there's time, the Bastard Time. The end of life is now not so terribly far away—you can see it the way you see the finish line when you come into the stretch—and your mind says, 'Have I worked enough? Have I eaten enough? Have I loved enough?' All of these, of course, are the foundations of man's greatest curse, and perhaps his greatest glory. 'What has my life meant so far, and what can it mean in the time left to me?' And now we're coming to the wicked, poisoned dart: 'What have I contributed to the Great Ledger? What am I worth?' And this isn't vanity or ambition. Men seem to be born with a debt they can never pay no matter how hard they try. It piles up ahead of them. Man owes something to man. If he ignores the debt it poisons him, and if he tries to make part payments the debt only increases, and the quality of his debt is the measure of the man."

It is the writer's job to deal with discontent. If happiness and plenty were everyone's portion the novelist would probably go out of business. A novel, to amount to anything, must deal with challenge, and the most personal of these perhaps is discontent. A novel must excite the imagination by making human problems real and by building strands which tie these problems to the actual or potential experience of the individual reader. A novel need not resolve the eternal question of discontent, but at least it can try to dispose of the human situation that grows out of it.

Discontent, to be sure, takes many forms. It can be born of injustice or suffering, ambition or aspiration, avarice or desire, proper or improper human relationships, or sickness of mind or body. The emphasis of the novelist on the various forms of discontent has necessarily varied from time to time. Today's writer, like John Steinbeck, is becoming increasingly concerned with the effort of the individual to relieve the discontent caused by his inability to come to terms with himself. It is difficult to think of a time when so many people were probing and searching for new insights into human behavior; in particular, their own. The books and plays in most demand are the ones that dramatize the struggle for individual bearings in an age of drift. Even when the product is elusive or murky, as in the case of T. S. Eliot's two recent plays, there is an eagerness to pursue or speculate upon the intended message. And where the approach is both explicit and constructive, as in the case of the books by Bonaro and Harry A. Overstreet, there is a public demand and response as indicative as it is heartening.

ON THE clinical level the psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have never been busier. No one knows what the pressure on the professional practitioner would be if his services were within the reach of all those who need them.

The general situation is itself deserving of a serious book. The average American today lives better than ever before. His appetite is larger and his capacity to satisfy it correspondingly so. Nowhere else in the world are there so many educational facilities for so many people. There are both leisure time and the means to make the most of it. People are healthier and they live longer than previous generations. In no other major nation is a citizen so little hampered by the lack of station or success of his parents. Yet all this has not produced happiness in the proportionate amounts. Why? What is the great lack? Is it possible, as Tolstoy once suggested, that happiness and material well-being should be considered independently of each other? Was Tolstoy right when he said that discontent is not the result of man's needs but of his abundance?

In this sense it is ironical that the American experience should furnish such dramatic refutation of the primary aims of Communism, based as they are on sheer materialism. It is equally ironical that the Soviet, having failed to produce the economic miracle as advertised and promised for its masses, should be decrying the material success of the individual American it claimed was possible only under Communism. To make the paradox complete, each system is now calling attention to the lack of spiritual values and inspired purpose in the other. The social philosopher and the historian have seldom been offered richer stuff for comparative study.

To say that man does not live by bread alone does not meet the larger question: What is it that he does live by? Whatever the full and rounded equation will show, it is possible that one of the factors has to do with vital purpose. Can the pain of discontent be relieved without some idea of what man's goals are or ought to be? It is not what we have or do not have but where we want to go that represents the test of sanity. The measure of greatness, for the individual or the nation, is not acquisition but disposition. —N. C.

Unknown

By Marcia McGhee

BENEATH bubbling lava
On limitless peaks
Lies Unknown—
Unknown lurks everywhere
It waits far out in soundless space.
It crouches in stony caves.
Like a hunted animal it waits—
Ready to be conquered,
Ready to defend.
And—in a giant swarm men look—
Spreading, seeking, finding,
Pushing Unknown into darkest
corners and deepest pits
Discovering, learning, closer, closer—
Until all the Universe will be Known.

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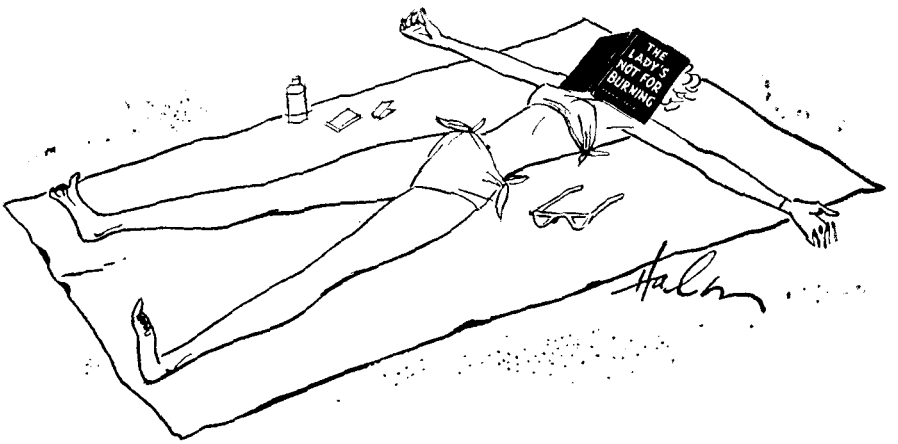
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NOEL COWARD AND BERNARD SHAW

I REALLY MUST PROTEST against Joseph Wood Krutch's misleading suggestion, in his review of my book "The Art of Noel Coward" [*SR* July 17], that I consider Noel Coward a dramatist on the Bernard Shaw level. I do not, of course; and, if I were to express such a view, Mr. Coward himself would probably be the first to tell me (as Cockneys say to puncture pretentiousness) to "come off it." Incidentally, Mr. Coward has told me of his great admiration for Bernard Shaw, both as a man and writer, and of Shaw's helpfulness to him on more than one occasion.

ROBERT GREACEN.

London, England.



POSTHUMOUS ADDITIONS

IN YOUR "LETTERS TO THE EDITOR" [*SR* July 10] John G. Moore of Pasadena, California, inquires whether any of your readers know if a poem by Walt Whitman, "A Kiss to the Bride," which he wrote at the marriage of Nelly Grant in 1874, is included in any of his collected works. Mr. Moore expressed doubt that an old clipping of this poem which he found has ever been printed in any of Whitman's works.

You may inform your readers that this poem was published in a collection of Walt Whitman's works and can be found in "The Writings of Walt Whitman," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in the Collectors Camden Edition of 1902 in Volume Three, Page 32 (a publication limited to 300 copies). I can understand Mr. Moore's difficulty as this poem appears in the volume which is incorrectly titled "Leaves of Grass." The poem is contained in a group of poems which Whitman included under the heading "Old Age Echoes." Mr. Whitman's executor left a diary note in 1891 in which he reported conversation with Whitman in which the poet expressed desire to publish this group of poems immediately following "Leaves of Grass."

ERWIN FELDMAN.

New York, N.Y.

GRAMMATICAL CONFUSION

USAGE IS ADMITTEDLY a powerful force in English grammar and syntax. It is usage, for example, which has sanctioned the grammatical confusion of first-person should and would, shall and will. Again, usage is responsible for such syntactical shifts as that of the adverb in sentences of the type "I only have a dollar." Grammarians recognize the force of usage and are abiding by its dicta.

There are, however, certain grammatical confusions which I doubt that even usage permits or defends. One of these is the confusion of the preterit tense of certain verbs with their past participle. Joseph Wood Krutch in his review of the books by and about Noel Coward [*SR* July 17] says Coward's autobiography ". . . mentions . . . the songs he composed and sung." Again, in H. C. Robbins Landon's, "Music in Vienna" [ibid], Mr. Landon informs us that "Blanche Thebom sung Krenek's 'Medea' . . ."

If these are not slips of the proofreaders; if I am in error and usage does sanction this sort of verbal juggling, then my apologies to both Mr. Krutch and Mr. Landon for having wrote this letter.

WARREN MEINHARDT.

Stanford, Calif.

LITERARY ERRORS

NOTE TWO SERIOUS ERRORS in "Your Literary I.Q." [*SR* July 17]: #3) Rapunzel was not shut up in the tower by her family but by a wicked witch and, #4) Roxane did not learn the truth about Cyrano by seeing his duel with death but by hearing him repeat the words of the farewell love letter he wrote for Christian.

I have been longing to get back at these memory-teasing questionnaires for many a long day.

T. R. DALE.

De Kalb, Ill.

"WE WENT THATAWAY"

BEING A FAN of H. Allen Smith and living in the Midwest, I enjoyed his book "We Went Thataway," so please note that Robin W. Winks in his LETTER TO THE EDITOR [*SR* July 24] changed the title to "He Went Thataway."

LARRY PRATT.

Hays, Kan.

ON VIRGINIA WOOLF

IT IS NOT EASY to be quite candid in writing about eminent or famous authors. One is afraid of exposing his own limitations. But having just put down "The Moment and Other Essays," by Virginia Woolf—whom I have long admired and often only half-understood—I am tempted to ask whether the subscribers and faithful readers of *The Saturday Review* have experienced the same difficulty in her case as I have—that of not having a clear idea of the critical points she has made, or tried to make, in discussing certain great novels or volumes of short stories by first-rank storytellers.

That she was a remarkable writer; that she had subtlety, insight, and depth is of course undeniable. But, as Bertrand Russell said of Santayana, to enjoy him, feel the beauty and art of his style, is not necessarily to know just what he has said in the admired pages. It is, it seems, equally fatal to pause in reading Woolf and seek to formulate with precision her observations and criticisms.

Did she take too much for granted; did she expect her readers to develop her hints or suggestions? Or was she naturally vague in her thinking, and her involved style the reflection of her intellectual processes?

A journal of literary and artistic opinion is, I venture to believe, the proper forum for the sober discussion of the assets and faults of writers of the scope and stature of Virginia Woolf. Will some readers sit down at the typewriter and confess?

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

ALAIN LOCKE'S LETTERS AND MATERIAL

THE WORKS OF ALAIN LEROY LOCKE, recently deceased professor emeritus of philosophy at Howard University, Washington, D.C., and of the New School of Social Research, are being edited for publication and this committee would like to include such letters as significantly express his personality, philosophy, and interpersonal relations. We are particularly interested in his comments on social philosophy and interracial relations. The material requested, if sent, will be copied and returned, if so desired.

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A Plea for Playgoers' Education

By JOHN WHARTON

THE conflict between dramatists and critics is much like Thurber's War Between Men and Women; endless, with neither side able to do without the other, and ultimate victory impossible. Would there were another Thurber to give us a brilliant pictorial history of this struggle! His pictures would, I am sure, make crystal clear what I shall try to explain in words: that the ignorance of *playgoers* as to how our critical system works is a force working against the best interests of the playgoer, the theatre, and the critic himself.

The news about a new play, or other entertainment, spreads by a miraculous process, quite incomprehensible, of the same sort that can spread a rumor from New York to San Francisco in a matter of hours. When "Death of a Salesman" began rehearsing for its try-out run there was almost literally no advance sale and nothing resembling a line at the box-office. Three nights before the opening a small audience was invited, none of whom was drawn from the opinion-making class. The next morning there was a line at the box-office which continued daily through the run.

When Howard Cullman was engaged in pulling the Roxy Theatre out of bankruptcy he frequently gave special premieres of pictures which had never been reviewed. The good pictures drew big houses; the bad ones almost no one. As one of his assistants said, "They smell 'em."

If all this is true, how, then, can seven reviewers on New York dailies make or break a play? How can one critic in Chicago ruin the run of a road company?

Well, they can, and they do; partly, as we shall see, because their reviews fall into the process just described, and partly for another reason which I shall now make clear.

Man and boy, I have been reading dramatic criticism for nearly fifty years. During thirty of those years I have been professionally connected with the theatre. I have been on the fringe of at least one violent dramatist-critic open warfare skirmish. From all of this certain facts have emerged which almost always (there is no "always" in the theatre) hold true.

A small number of critics know the theatre thoroughly, respect its power, and seek to help direct that power into progressive channels. For after the world of books, and a few magazines, the theatre is the field where challenging, progressive ideas next make their appearance. (They are sometimes picked up by motion pictures ten years later, and by radio and television only when they have lost all challenge.) The reviewers who recognize this force are the Great Critics, who make a lasting impact on the art.

A smaller, but much more ebullient, group use their columns merely as a place to display their own wit, usually of the wise-crack type. They naturally seek for plays they dislike since their powers of wit are not capable of injecting it into a favorable review. Some critics pass from the first group into this one. They are, quite rightly, the special hatred of the dramatist and producer.

The overwhelming majority of critics take their task soberly and seriously and endeavor to state their personal opinion of a play frankly, fearlessly, and honestly. I assume they believe that their readers have come to trust their judgment and that their function is, therefore, primarily to make that judgment clear. I assume this because, unless this is their conception of their function, they must either consider themselves hacks working for pay only or be suffering from advanced megalomania.

This is a perfectly reasonable and logical concept, but it has one great vice. It inevitably leads the critic into confusing fact with opinion. Almost everything in the usual dramatic review—other than the meticulous and dull recital of the plot—is a statement of the reviewer's opinion, but only seldom is it presented this way. The reviewer does not say (what is true), "In my opinion, this play will not stir up the emotions of the audiences who come to see it." He states, as with the voice of God, "This is not a moving play." Moreover, he frequently gives no reason for the statement. Furthermore, he will unhesitatingly make such a statement although the audience around him were visibly moved; and he is apparently in no wise abashed to read the next morning that some fellow-critic wrote, "This is a tremendously moving play." Of course that critic was confusing fact and opinion, too, but dramatists don't see the confusion there. I have often wondered how critics square their *ex cathedra* pronunciamentos with exactly opposite critical comment, which happens more often than the public knows. Even two reviews agreeing on the merits, or demerits, of a play will frequently contain diametrically opposed pronouncements about individual performances, direction, sets, or costumes. But, then, I have often wondered how other professional theatre people square their own papal bulls which prove so fallible.

I recall a production which nearly collapsed in rehearsal because the star refused to appear unless all of the costumes, which he asserted were patently ugly, were redone. The critics acclaimed these same costumes as a triumph and the designer received some kind of special award for them. When I did a stretch of time in the picture business the Great Minds of Hollywood constantly told me of pictures which were thought so bad that the studio hesitated to show them, but made millions when they were released; in the next breath they announced as an indisputable fact that such and such a story could never be made into a really successful movie.

PLAYGOERS are not immune, either. Indeed, playgoers' opinions can be held the most stubbornly of all. A summer theatre opened with "The Moon Is Blue." At intermission an elderly patron chided the manager for his selection of such a salacious play and told him bluntly "it would not do." The manager timidly asserted that the play had done very well for some three years, in New York and elsewhere. "Young man," said the patron, "I knew the great George M. Cohan personally. I went back-stage to see him on one of his try-outs. He told me the play was no good; it had a dirty word in it. I tell you, this play will never run." And he stalked off into the night.

Hence, let us not be too harsh on the critics' confusion of opinion and fact. None of us, this writer included,

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is in a position to throw the first stone.

What the dramatists, producers, and other creative theatre people really object to is that in this game of promulgating opinions as facts the critics play with loaded dice. The critics can and do make their assertions come true, because most entertainment seekers are as susceptible to conditioning as Pavlov's dogs. *By the same mysterious process described in the opening paragraphs, the general tenor of the reviews sweeps over New York immediately, and succeeding audiences come conditioned to applaud or decry.* This in itself is a second mysterious process, frequently overlooked by even professionals, but there is no doubt about it. "They smell 'em," and the more opinionated the reviews the faster the perfume, or the odor, travels.

Garson Kanin when a young man played a bit in "Three Men on a Horse." He told me that during the try-out everyone was hopeful of success, but thought the play slow in getting started; the first laughs were long delayed. The play duly opened and received extravagant praise, which it certainly deserved. On the second night the curtain rose, Miss Joyce Arling walked on-stage, and called to her husband, "Erwin." A roar of laughter went up from the audience which almost threw the bewildered actors off their cues.

Any professional can cite endless examples, for good or bad. I particularly recall the opening of a play by one of our major dramatists. He himself did not consider it a masterpiece, but it held the audience and at the close the audience comment was decidedly favorable. The morning reviews stressed all of the weaknesses of the play, of which there were, as in any play, quite a few. Within twelve hours even members of the first-night audience were parroting these criticisms, and the succeeding conditioned audiences killed the play forever.

Of course, some playgoers maintain their own critical faculties, but under our unfortunate economic handicaps these people are not enough to keep most plays alive.

AT this point someone should enter the conversation armed with a list of plays which he contends became great hits despite unfavorable reviews. I welcome this contention because it leads directly to my most important point—the type of play which suffers most at the critics' hands.

Generally speaking, although the distinction is, of course, not airtight, there are two types of play: those written purely to attract people to the box-office, usually farces, comedies, and melodramas; and those in which the dramatist believes he has something to say. These latter are usually comedies, dramas, or stark tragedies, although even a tragedy may have some hilarious scenes.

The first class of plays when well done certainly have their place and I have no patience with critical snobbery in regard to them. I also recommend them as the least speculative investment. However, they certainly are unimportant to a vital and progressive theatre, and if they were the only plays produced we should soon sink to the early nineteenth-century English stage. It is the "important" plays which keep the theatre dynamic. During the past thirty years the plays by men such as Rice, O'Neill, Anderson, Sherwood, and their younger contemporaries have given the American theatre its stature (I am disregarding musicals for the moment); this is true despite the fact that some farces and trivial comedies may have had even longer runs and made even more money. It is also certain that without playwrights of this caliber dramatic criticism would become trivial reporting.

Now, it is the "important" play which suffers most at the critics' hands.

All of the plays cited as those which turned into long-run hits despite bad reviews are either musicals or fall into the first group mentioned above, or succeeded on some sensational element: "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Tobacco Road" are the prime examples always used. Occasionally a drama with an extremely popular star can make the grade. I once asked a group of theatre veterans if they could name one serious play with like success. The closest they could come was Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." In that case, however, some of the critics wrote second reviews, reversing their original opinions; even so, the play never achieved smash hit proportions.

Time and again the reviewers will stress the good points of some trivial farce, praise the actors, and send audiences there conditioned to laugh at the opening line. The important play is subjected to quite different treatment. It is frequently judged not by what it is, but by what the reviewer thinks it should have been; there is a tendency to stress the shortcomings of both script and actors, and to attack the veracity and purpose of the theme. The foregoing statement is *not* opinion. For anyone who will pay the salary of a researcher I will prove it chapter and verse.

To some extent this is inevitable. When a dramatist presents a first-rate play with a challenging idea he must expect that the challenge will be picked up. Perhaps the clearest state-

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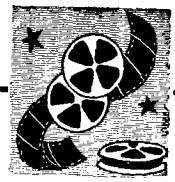
ment of this problem is to be found in a review by the Master-Critic, Bernard Shaw:

> One of the great comforts of criticizing the work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is that the critic can go straight to the subject matter without troubling about the dramatic construction. In the born writer the style is the man: and with the born dramatist the play is the subject. Mr. Jones's plays grow; they are not cut out of bits of paper and stuck together. Mr. Grundy or Sardou, at their respective worsts, perform such feats of carpentry in constructing show-cases for some trumpery little situation, that the critics exhaust all their space in raptures over the mechanical skill displayed. But Mr. Jones's technical skill is taken as a matter of course. Nobody ever dreams of complimenting him about it; we proceed direct to abusing his ideas without delay. This is quite right and natural. If you invent a mechanical rabbit, wind it up and set it running around the room for me, I shall be hugely entertained, no matter how monstrously unsuccessful it may be as a representation of nature; but if you produce a real rabbit which begins running about without being wound up at all, I simply say, "Why shouldn't it?" and take down my gun. Similarly, on Mr. Jones producing a live play, which starts into perfectly natural action on the rising of the curtain without being wound up during an act or two of exposition, I say "Why shouldn't it?" and, as aforesaid, take down my gun.

This is the essence of the serious dramatist's complaint. He feels—and I believe, quite rightly—that there is an essential unfairness in praising the mechanical antics of the trivial play, but coaching the audience to train its sights on the elements which keep the first-rate serious play from being a masterpiece.

I can offer no solution, but I do believe that if playgoers understood these facts the damage would be considerably lessened. The real joy of a first night is that one goes without conditioning. How to make playgoers understand this, how to make them bring their own critical faculties into play, and "see for themselves," is the problem. There should be enough writing and promotional talent in the Dramatists' Guild and the League of New York Theatres to accomplish it, if those organizations set their minds to it. I am only a lawyer who believes, in these matters, that one picture is worth a thousand words (including these thousands) and hence longs for a Thurber to make the situation clear.



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Bouquet for the Brides

—From "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers."

". . . When a lynching party turns up the girls refuse to budge."

JUST to prove that you can't always tell about a movie from its stars, M-G-M has put together a bright, beguiling little musical with Howard Keel and Jane Powell called **"Seven Brides for Seven Brothers"** (which also proves that you can't always go by title, either). Actually, behind that title, with its suggestions of "Snow White" and the Disney studios, lies Stephen Vincent Benét's winning bit of Americana "The Sobbin' Women," a sly, modern rendering of Plutarch's "Rape of the Sabine Women." And behind Keel and Miss Powell are the fetching songs of Gene de Paul; the fresh and agile lyrics of Johnny Mercer; a more than serviceable musical-comedy script by Albert Hackett, Frances Goodrich, and Dorothy Kinsley; Michael Kidd's exhilarating, inventive dances; and a smooth, supple integration of all these elements by director Stanley Donen. Probably there are others who deserve credit as well—orchestrators Alexander Courage, Conrad Salinger, and Leo Arnaud, for example, who somehow managed to get along without M-G-M's full 120-piece symphony in devising suitable accompaniments for the songs and dances; and producer Jack Cummings, who would bear the ultimate responsibility if any of the charmingly off-beat notions that continually crop up in "Seven Brides" were to fall flat.

It takes a lot of people to make a movie, and the just distribution of credits for a job well done is generally a difficult matter. In the case of "Seven Brides," however, one has the feeling that everybody connected with the film was pulling in the same direction. There are a swing and a style to it, a zest that extends through every last foot. Even the awkward shape of the CinemaScope screen has been used to attractive advantage—aided, of course, by the fact that the film features seven brides and seven brothers. Perhaps the crew was entranced by the whimsical story. Perhaps there was an awareness that something if not quite new, at least more than a little different, was being attempted. Whatever the reason, the picture flows gracefully, rhythmically from start to finish.

Its setting is the Oregon territory about a hundred years ago. Keel drives into town one day to pick up some groceries and a wife (Jane Powell) to keep house for himself and his six lunkish brothers. Back at the farm the brothers get the notion that they too might like to be married. Schooled by Miss Powell, they court the town girls but are beaten off by their local swains. Then, inspired by Plutarch,

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they steal back into town one night and abduct the girls of their choice. Their conduct is decidedly more circumspect than the Romans' they had heard about, but the story ends just about the same. When a lynching party of fathers and boy friends turns up to carry them home the girls refuse to budge. They want to stay with the brothers. Fortunately, one of the fathers is a minister.

IF THIS seems like an odd theme for a musical comedy it is because in the conventional musical the story has become little more than a frame, a none-too-substantial scaffold from which to hang the songs, and the big production numbers that are the main excuse for the film in the first place. In "Seven Brides," on the other hand, every song, every dance are what would be called on Broadway a "book number," a number that advances the action of the show. Rare enough in the theatre, such a thing is almost unheard of in Hollywood. Book numbers are generally regarded as too hard to exploit, to popularize, to help sell the picture through repeated playings on radio, television, and juke boxes. There is just the possibility that the rousing measures of "Sobbin' Women" and the off-beat charm of the "Lament" ("I'm a Lonesome Polecat") will—like an earlier Rodgers and Hart book number, "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered"—achieve a considerable following. Even so, it was a gamble, and not the kind of gamble that Hollywood is used to making.

More daring still are Michael Kidd's dances. Spirited, balletic, they make a thoroughly modern use of period forms. In "Goin' Courtin'" Jane Powell teaches the brothers a vigorous polka. In the course of a barn raising Kidd introduces a wonderful blending of the square dance with an athletic challenge routine. The "Spring, Spring, Spring" number is simply a series of charming, calendarlike chromos that hail the passing winter months. Most daring of all is the "Lament"—scarcely a dance at all, but a series of highly stylized work movements, punctuated by short strolls and struts, as the brothers sing about their unfortunate single status. Each blow of the axe, each thrust of the saw, each lift of the hammer come precisely on beat with the music, achieving a ballet effect without breaking into the rugged mountain-boy characterizations of the principals. The brothers, incidentally, include such splendid dance artists as Marc Platt, Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, and a sensational West Coast discovery, Matt Mattox. The outstanding female dancer is Virginia Gibson, who leads the bridal corps de ballet through the graceful routines of the "June Bride" number.

But it is young Stanley Donen, I believe, who is most responsible for the overall grace and charm, the artistic success of "Seven Brides." Just turned thirty, Donen has been active in films for the last twelve years. He came to Hollywood as a chorus boy, became a dance director and, working with Gene Kelly, eventually co-director of such sparkling musicals as "On the Town" and "Singin' in the Rain." His first solo effort, at twenty-six, was the Fred Astaire-Jane Powell "Royal Wedding" and he also directed the more recent, strangely ignored "Give a Girl a Break," starring the Champions. His own dances have always been highly imaginative, admirably filmic—the kind of dancing that is not merely appropriate to films but inconceivable in any other medium. What is more important, he has learned to integrate these dances into both the style and the action of his pictures. The rhythm of the dance is sustained through scenes of plot exposition; the line of the story is not broken by the song or dance interludes.

Ten years ago Rouben Mamoulian's direction of the Rodgers-Hammerstein "Oklahoma!" achieved an integration of song, dance, and story that created a revolutionary new form for Broadway. Donen, with Gene Kelly and Charles Walters, another dance director turned film director (he did last year's "Lili"), seem to be reaching toward a similar integration in the musical film. With "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" Donen has come commendably close to that goal.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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What Type American Are You?

It takes a lot of different types of people to make America what it is. And it takes different types of blood to make a blood bank . . . each as important as the other . . . each needed desperately.

Before the next 60 seconds have ticked away, four Americans will need blood to save their lives.

Give blood today . . . and save a life tomorrow!

the blood you give helps someone live!

GIVE BLOOD NOW

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING COUNCIL
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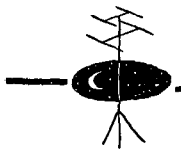

TV AND RADIO

The Repeats

UP UNTIL about five years ago if you had been around a radio or television studio and had spoken the word "Residual" any top-rated comedian worth his salt to cover his ignorance of the word would have quickly adlibbed "Gesundheit!"

Today "Residual" rolls glibly off the tongue of every TV star and has taken the place of that old magic word "Annuities" with which the stars of stage and screen used to cloak their insecurity against a day when they would lose their box-office appeal and could retire to a life of ease.

"Residuals," for the benefit of the uninitiated, are television shows made on film so that they may be shown over again some years later and the players receive additional income for the re-play. It's a new medium and the word has taken on a new meaning, just as "Thirty-nine shows in the can" has a far, far rosier meaning for performers today than it must have had for the vaudevillians of a generation or so ago.

Financially the idea is a sound one, this residue income. Instead of doing a show live and losing it forever in the welter of television programming the performers appear before a camera and the shows are filmed. A season's production is usually thirty-nine half-hour programs which are shown first run on the TV networks and paid for by a national sponsor. At the end of each season the star of the program has thirty-nine films in the can which he owns, ready for re-distribution some day when the sponsor decides to change the show.

The films are open end, which means they are so planned that any future sponsor may buy second or even third rights in any town where there is a television station and insert his commercial at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of the show without interfering with the continuity or the context of the program itself. Thus the same show may be sponsored in different towns by different sponsors.

The payments for second or third runs as the years go by are not as handsome as they are for first runs. But, then, by this time quite often neither are the stars. And very often neither are the shows. Especially the comedy shows.

When preparing a comedy show with residual rights in mind the writers of the show must guard against any topical material. Humorous comment on the current political scene, for instance, would in these fast-changing times date a program even a year hence. Mention of names in the news, world events, the cost of living, none of these will stand up against the ravages of time. Even seasonal mentions fail to hold up. As witness the "Mr. Peepers" show of Sunday, July 25, a re-run of an earlier program as a summer filler. The newspaper listing described the story line: "Mr. Peepers has some embarrassing moments with his Christmas shopping." Of course, it's nice to remind viewers to do their Christmas shopping early, but in July?

THE spontaneity and awareness of comedy in a live show don't ever seem to be captured in most of the programs filmed for residuals. Most often the shows which are only a season or two old are not only well remembered but remembered with less enthusiasm than the residualists would like to think we remember them. Of course, in some types of programs—Westerns, for instance—it doesn't matter so much. Men on white horses chasing men on brown horses over rocks and rills seem not only the same every season but as far as I can make out they are the same men and horses and rocks and rills every week.

It is becoming more and more the popular custom now to dig into the residuals of some of the well-known programs and choose the best of the season to fill in for vacationing stars. The custom may net a little residue revenue for the stars, but I think the networks would be more farsighted not to wear out the welcome of their stars, and to try to fill our living rooms during the chintzy months with folks wearing summery things and making pleasant, hot-weather conversation. CBS got the idea a little late in the summer by letting us have the pleasantly talented Jack Paar in a half-hour Saturday night show.

If the residuals keep coming back, at the rate they're beginning to now, to fill in for the summer months, what's to stop a summer show from coming back as a residual during the winter months? I wouldn't be at all surprised to tune in Channel 11 some blustery winter night and see the Yankees playing the Chicago White Sox. And from the way the Yanks keep winning I'm not so sure I'm not watching an old residual every time the Yanks turn up on my screen.

—GOODMAN ACE.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 581

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 581 will be found in the next issue.

QP VLBVCL MQM WB

XBTL GEZW GELK EZM GB,

CQPL HBSCM OBXL GB Z

UGZWMUGQCC GBXBTTBH.

—ZSGEBT SWYWBHW.

Answer to No. 580

Don't laugh at youth for his affectations; he is only trying on one face after another to find his own.—Logan Smith.

The Sunlit Fields

By Harold Vinal

THIS jaunty blue beret
flung here in sunlit fields
might have been his, Van Gogh's,
when he sat tall in cornstalk light
painting a French landscape,
ripe with fruit and fattened vine.

This broken chair might have been his,
here in this small, alabaster-white attic
under the hot eaves,
where another painter with dubious talent
daubs tentative yellows on canvas.

Here in the Louvre one finds the answer,
the brilliant scene recorded, exposed—
summer-ripeness of the French afternoon,
a wheel-barrow leaning in the sun,
and four golden haystacks against stippled air.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Opera am Main

FRANKFURT.

DURING the war the Frankfurt Opera House, like most German theatres, was all but demolished. With the restoration of peace the Frankfurt company moved into a small and pitifully inadequate hall of the Börse, Frankfurt's Stock Exchange. The task of producing opera there was a thankless one, and attendance was often as low as 10 or 15 per cent of the hall's 500-seat capacity. Finally in 1950, in an effort to revive the "good old days" when Frankfurt had one of the better opera troupes in Germany, the company took over the recently rebuilt and very modern Grosses Haus, originally intended as a legitimate theatre house. A new and progressive general intendant, Harry Buchwitz, was appointed, and about a year later Georg Solti, one of Europe's younger and most accomplished musicians, accepted the post of general music director.

The auditorium and stage of the Grosses Haus is one of the most up to date in all Germany. The theatre is equipped with a large revolving stage, and within this area, toward the front, is another smaller revolving unit. Although as yet not often used in the opera productions, this revolving stage does allow the backstage crew to position the sets for two or three scenes at the same time. In Germany, where three- and four-act operas are usually presented with only one intermission (Wagner operas, of course, excepted), this eliminates those interminable between-the-scenes waits.

Budgetary considerations limit the number of singers on the roster. To be exact, twenty-nine artists with two or three occasional guests must cope with an extremely diversified repertoire. True enough, this is the way to build a closely knit ensemble. The singers engaged for an entire year (eleven months of performances and one month of vacation) work together continuously and are always on hand for intensive rehearsing. However, this system has its drawbacks. Take as one example Rudolf Gonszar, the company's dramatic baritone, who must account for several important roles. His is a robust, serviceable, but not too pretty voice, and he is well routined in matters of staging. As Iago, Gonszar is quite acceptable; as Boris Godounov his conception, at least by our standards, is only skin-deep; as the handsome and supposedly golden-voiced Mandryka in "Arabella" he falls somewhat short of the mark. But all things considered, he rates as an indispensable member of the ensemble. A few of the artists meet the versatility test with more success, others with less. Certainly the most gifted among Frankfurt's singers is Anny Schlemm. Her lovely soprano voice soars easily and clearly above the orchestra, and in addition she is adept on stage.

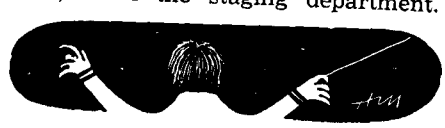
Taking into consideration the comparatively short time that the "new" Frankfurt company has been in operation, Solti (known in the Western Hemisphere for his conducting in San Francisco, Ravinia, and Mexico City) has already gone a long way towards establishing a good musical ensemble. Solti wisely surrounds himself with two able conductors, burg's intendant, Gunther Rennert) Wolfgang Rennert (brother of Hamand Bruno Vondenhoff. Both, however, have still to learn how to keep the orchestra from overpowering the singers, especially as the acoustics of the Grosses Haus tend to overemphasize the musicians in the pit.

EVEN admitting to some weaknesses in the roster, the musical standard of the performances is usually on a very competent level. And in Frankfurt the repertoire, for the most part, is of the heavy, difficult variety.

Rennert met the challenge of Strauss's intricate "Arabella" score admirably. Traute Richter, a cultured singer, portrayed the young and noble Arabella more like the character's not too distant cousin, the noble but far more mature Marschallin. Schlemm, as Zdenka, sang beautifully, and Kurt Boehme was capital as the father, Graf Waldner.

Considering the sparsity of good Wagnerian singers these days, "Tristan und Isolde" came off surprisingly well, that is if we discount the Isolde, a last-minute substitute from nearby Karlsruhe. Wilhelm Ernest is a fine *heldentenor*. He sings with warmth, and his top notes emerge without effort. Unfortunately, his talents do not extend into the realm of histrionics. The orchestra under Vondenhoff played extremely well.

The Frankfurt company's weakness, and it is a reasonably serious weakness, is in the staging department.



At the moment Frankfurt has no resident stage director. In fact, during my visit, no less than six different directors were responsible for the six different productions.

The best overall ensemble productions were "Arabella" and the new "La Bohème." "Arabella," staged by Josef Gielen with settings by another well-known Viennese, Stefan Hlawa, had the proper atmosphere of Vienna, 1860, and impressed as a theatre piece. Hans Busch's "La Bohème" was expertly planned, often original, and generally appropriate. If at times there seemed to be an inordinate amount of hustle and bustle, especially in the Act I ensemble of the four men, this could in part be attributed to Rennert's exuberant tempi, which made that scene seem something like an animated cartoon. In the last act Busch cleverly contrived to get the bed to the middle of the room for Mimi's death by directing Rodolfo and Marcello to wheel it out to catch the tumbling Colline as he falls, supposedly wounded, in the mock duel which precedes Mimi's entrance.

The staging of "Tristan" by the famous Bayreuth veteran Heinz Tietjen proved disappointingly routine, but the sets of Emil Preetorius were highly imaginative. In "Boris" Wolf Völker's handling of the crowds in the opening and closing scenes was exciting, but the overall production was disjointed. "Otello," though brilliantly conducted by Solti, suffered by Werner Jacob's disinterested mise-en-scène. German-born Leo Mittler, now of Hollywood, produced Millöcker's "Der Bettelstudent," making frequent use of both revolving stages. The results were a cross between the best elements of a charming old European operetta and the sometimes appropriate, sometimes gaudy style of a Broadway musical.

The fact remains that with only a comparative handful of qualified "stars" available to make the rounds and service some eighty German opera theatres, opera in Germany can only succeed if the final product which greets the eye and ear is carefully integrated into a total unity. Buchwitz and Solti, recognizing this premise, are the first to admit the need for one permanent stage director. Such a man, knowing the strengths and weaknesses of each member of the small ensemble, could work accordingly. Conversely, the singers—many of them not too experienced—would learn to respond to this one director's style. This is the secret of the Hamburg Opera's success, and Frankfurt with its wonderful facilities and many admirable artistic assets could in this way closer approximate its "true ensemble" goal.

—PAUL JARETZKI.

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SR's World Travel Calendar

SEPTEMBER. OCTOBER. NOVEMBER

Alaska

COUNTRY FAIR *(Palmer, Sept. 4-6)*: Matanuska Valley agricultural colony displays its prize crops, preserved foods, livestock, dairy products. Door prize is an airplane.

ALASKA DAY *(Sitka, Oct. 18)*: Anniversary of purchase of Territory from Russia. Days of '67, prizes for best period Russian, Indian costumes.

Belgium

PATRIOTIC PILGRIMAGE *(Brussels, Sept. 19)*: Commemorating days of September 1830.

ST. HUBERT CELEBRATIONS *(Brussels, at the Church du Sablon, Nov. 3; St. Hubert, exhibition of relics, Nov. 3; Montaigu, candlelight procession, Nov. 7; Tervuren, blessing of horses, dogs, Nov. 7.)*

Bermuda

FISHING TOURNAMENT *(Oct. 1-31)*: Final month of annual contest for catching best Amberjack, Barracuda, Bonefish, Chub, Mackerel, Marlin, Tuna, Wahoo.

WOMEN'S GOLF TOURNAMENT *(Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29)*: Final series of season.

Britain

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL *(Stratford-Upon-Avon, Sept.-Oct. 30)*: "Othello," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "Taming of the Shrew."

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL *(Worcester, Sept. 5-10)*.

ROYAL BRAEMAR GATHERING *(Braemar, Scotland, Sept. 9)*: Most important gathering of the clans; Royalty usually attends.

GOLF *(Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire, Sept. 9-11)*: International Brabazon Trophy, English County Championship.

AUTO RACE *(Dundrod Circuit, Northern Ireland, Sept. 11)*: Ulster Tourist Trophy Car races.

INTERNATIONAL SHEEP DOG TRIALS *(Worcester, Sept. 16-18)*.

FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE *(Cheltenham, Oct. 4-8)*.

HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW *(London, Oct. 5-9)*: At Harringay Arena.

BACH FESTIVAL *(Bath, Oct. 9-16)*.

MOTOR SHOW *(London, Oct. 20-30)*: At Earl's Court.

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW *(London, Nov. 9)*.

NOVEMBER HANDICAP *(Manchester, Nov. 11-13)*.

R.A.C. VETERAN CAR RUN *(London-Brighton, Nov. 14)*.

Canada

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION *(Toronto, Sept. 1-11)*.

TUNA CUP *(Wedgeport, N.S., Sept. 8-10)*.

INTERNATIONAL PLOWING MATCHES *(Breslau, Ont., Oct. 12-15)*.

MARITIME WINTER FAIR *(Amherst, Oct. 30-Nov. 6)*.

ROYAL AGRL. WINTER FAIR *(Toronto, Nov. 12-20)*.

GREY CUP FINAL *(Toronto, Nov. 27)*: Canadian football championship.

France

FOUNTAIN DISPLAYS *(Versailles, Sept. 5, 19; Oct. 10)*.

MUSIC FESTIVAL *(Besançon, Sept. 2-12)*: Five symphony concerts, eight chamber concerts, recitals, two concerts of sacred music, two ballet performances.

FAIR *(Marseille, Sept. 18-Oct. 4)*: Famous for exhibits from French colonies. Over 3,000 exhibitors from many nations.

AUTO SHOW *(Paris, Oct. 1-10)*: Fortieth annual international motor salon. At the Grand Palais.

AUTUMN SALON *(Paris, Oct. 1-31)*: A major annual art event. Paintings, sculpture by artists of today. At Grand Palais.

FOIRE GASTRONOMIQUE *(Dijon, Oct. 31-Nov. 14)*: Most famous food fair in France in the gourmet capital of the country.

BURGUNDY WINE FAIR *(Beaune, Nov. 20, 21)*: Various wines of the region displayed; samples offered for a small fee.

Germany

OPERA FESTIVAL *(Munich, Sept. 1-9)*: "Arabella," "Capriccio," "Elektra," "Rosenkavalier."

TRADE FAIR *(Leipzig, Sept. 5-15)*: Visitors need passport, visa, and fair identification card (from German Chamber of Commerce) and visa for entrance into Soviet Zone of Germany issued by U.S.S.R. Embassy, Washington, D. C.

OCTOBER FESTIVAL *(Munich, Sept. 18-Oct. 3)*: Lots of beer on tap, roast chicken, sausages; Bavarians wear their regional costume.

BERLIN FESTIVAL *(Berlin, Sept. 18-Oct. 5)*: Opera, ballet, concerts, art exhibitions, book readings, La Scala Opera to present "Lucia di Lammermoor."

GERMAN INDUSTRIES EXPOSITION *(Berlin, Sept. 25-Oct. 10)*: Top fair of its kind in West Germany.

VINTAGE FESTIVALS *(Ingelheim/Rhine, Oct. 2, 3; Braubach/Rhine, Oct. 2-4; Grunstadt/Palatinate, Oct. 2-5; Neustadt/Weinstrabe, Oct. 2-10)*:

LORELEY FESTIVAL *(St. Goarshausen/Rhine, Oct. 2-10)*:

Hawaii

CARNIVAL *(Pahala, Sept. 4-6)*.

OUTRIGGER CANOE RACES *(Kailua, Oahu, Sept. 6)*.

CHINESE MOON FESTIVAL *(Islandwide, Sept. 11)*: Family celebrations; special foods available in Chinatown shops.

FAIR *(Maui Island, Oct. 7-10)*.

ALOHA WEEK *(Honolulu, Oct. 18-23)*: Pageantry, entertainment, parades, sports events.

THANKSGIVING DAY *(Honolulu, Nov. 26)*: Open-water Castle swimming race at Waikiki.

Hongkong

MOON FESTIVAL *(Sept. 11)*: Lion dancers, stilt walkers salute birthday of the moon.

India

MUHARRAM *(Sept. 9)*: Solemn ceremony.

DURGA PUJA *(Bengal, Oct. 4-7)*: Tribute to Goddess Durga.

DIWALI *(Nationwide, Oct. 27)*: Festival of Lamps.

Ireland

HURLING *(Dublin, Sept. 5)*: Highlight of the hurling season; one of two national games of Ireland. Other is Gaelic football.

DRAMA *(Mullinger, Nov. 1-3)*: Annual fall production.

PEIS *(Galway, Nov. 21-Dec. 5)*: Irish festival.

Israel

FEAST OF THE NATIVITY *(Haifa, Sept. 8)*: Torchlight procession.

ROSH HASHANA *(Sept. 28)*: The Jewish New Year.

FEAST OF NOTRE DAME DU ROSAIRE *(Oct. 3)*: Important Marian Year event.

YOM KIPPUR *(Oct. 7)*: Solemn fast. Day of Atonement.

INTERNATIONAL SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP *(Oct. 15)*: Swim across Sea of Galilee.

MAWLID E'NABI *(Oct. 24)*: Birthday of the Prophet Mohammed. Ceremonies at Ramleh's Great Mosque. Al Jezzar Mosque in Acre.

Italy

ARCHITECTURE, DECORATION *(Milan, Sept. 1-Nov. 15)*: Triennale show to include gardening, landscaping.

GRAND PRIX OF EUROPE *(Milan, Sept. 5)*: The 25th Grand Prix of Europe, and sixth Inter-Europa Cup for racing cars.

JOUSTING *(Arezzo, Sept. 5)*: Annual Joust of the Saracens.

HISTORICAL REGATTA *(Venice, Sept. 5)*.

FEAST OF PIEDIGROTTA *(Naples, Sept. 7, 8)*: Parades, promenading, eating, drinking.

Japan

WRESTLING *(Toyko, Sept. 19-Oct. 3)*: Fall tournament.

"O-ESHIKI" *(Toyko, Oct. 12, 13)*: Parade of lanterns.

Mexico

RELIGIOUS FEAST *(Cholula, Sept. 8)*: Honor Virgin of Los Remedios. Dancing, fair.

INDEPENDENCE DAY *(Nationwide, Sept. 15, 16)*: One of two important patriotic celebrations; dancing, athletic events.

FISHING CONTESTS *(Guaymas, Oct. 14-16; La Paz, Oct. 21-23; Mazatlan, Oct. 28-30; Manzanillo, Nov. 4-6)*. All deep-sea contests.

Portugal

OUR LADY OF NAZARÉ *(Nazare, Sept. 8-18)*.

FAIR *(Vila Franca de Xira, Oct. 3)*: Bullfights, regional dances, songs.

PILGRIMAGE *(Fatima, Oct. 12, 13)*: One of two important treks to this shrine.

FAIR *(Golegã, Nov. 10-12)*: Fair of St. Martin.

USA

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVALS *(Antioch College, Yellow Springs, O., Sept. 1-12. San Diego, Cal., Sept. 1-4.)*

NATIONAL GYMNAFA GANU *(Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 3-5)*: Welsh songfest.

NATIONAL AIR RACES *(Dayton, O., Sept. 4-6)*.

WILLIAM TELL FESTIVAL *(New Glarus, Wis., Sept. 5, 6)*: In German on 5th; English on 6th.

WORLD SOFTBALL TITLES *(Orange, Cal., for women, Sept. 6-12; Minneapolis, Minn., for men, Sept. 17-24)*.

N. AM. SAILING CHAMPIONSHIP *(New Orleans, La., Sept. 8)*: Third annual finals for Clifford Mallory Trophy.

NATIONAL COLLEGE QUEEN CONTEST *(Asbury Park, N. J., Sept. 11, 12)*.

WATKINS GLEN GRAND PRIX *(Watkins Glen, N. Y., Sept. 17, 18)*.

INDIAN FAIR *(Cherokee, N. C., Sept. 21-25)*.

TOBACCO FESTIVAL *(Richmond, Va., Sept. 22-26)*.

OLD HOMES TOUR *(Annapolis, Md., Sept. 28-30)*.

BLUE RIBBON HORSE SHOW *(Santa Barbara, Cal., Oct. 14-17)*.

ARENSBERG ART COLLECTION *(Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 16)*: At Philadelphia Museum of Art.

MUSIC FESTIVAL *(Worcester, Mass., Oct. 18-23)*.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Avec Yacht and Camera Sur the St. Lawrence

TADOUSSAC, QUE.

IF THERE is anyone in the house with notions of Norway in the cerebellum and a paucity of cash in the pocket, the fjords here along the Saguenay in the reaches of Quebec will manage to keep him reasonably awe-struck until the real chasm comes along.

Quebec's cliffs rise straight out of the water for 2,000 feet, which is to say, 500 feet higher than the Empire State Building. The waters, which are deeper than the most pensive moments of an Indian philosopher, are loaded with salmon and white whales, and on fine days seals sun themselves on the rocks like happy tourists. And what is there in a Norwegian fjord? Sardines is what.

All summer long three stout river boats of the Canada Steamship Lines sail the River St. Lawrence from Montreal, down past Trois Rivières, past the towering citadel at Quebec, the great summer colony at Murray Bay and Tadoussac, where Jacques Cartier came to trade with the Indians.

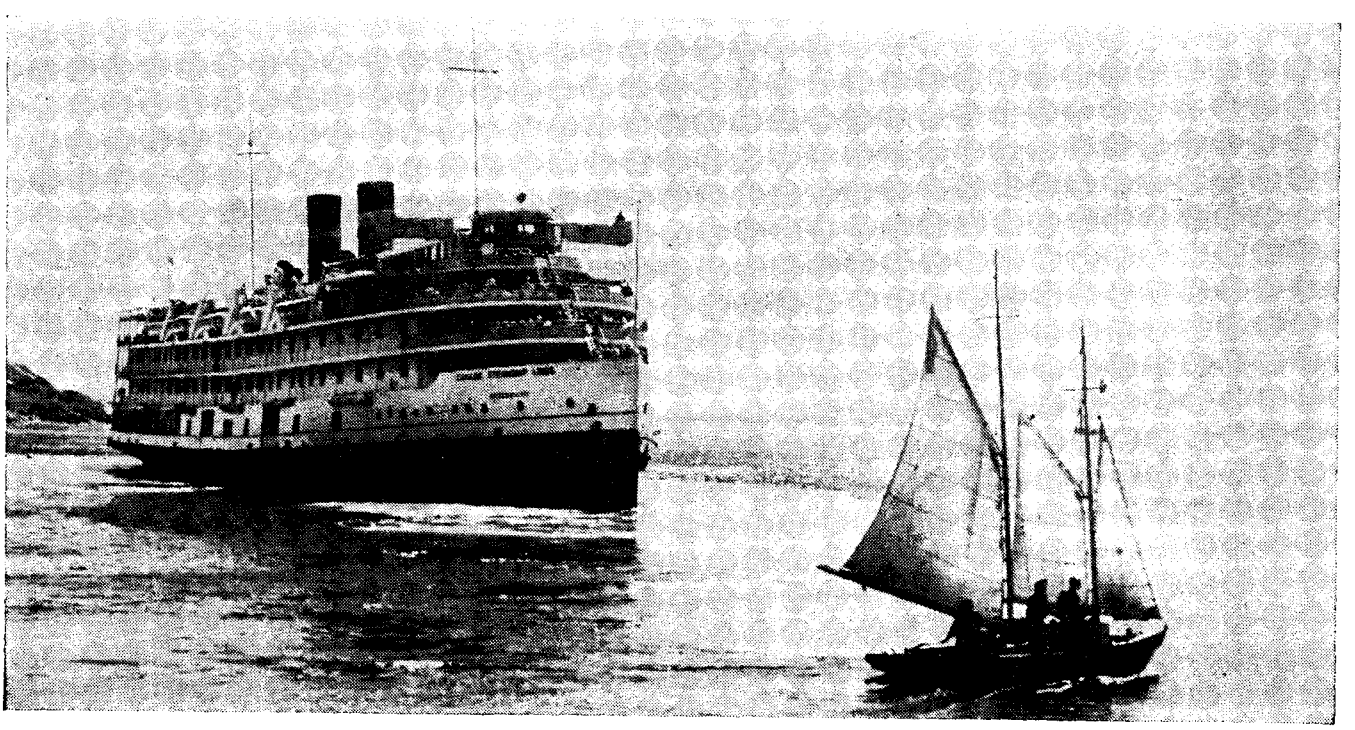
Quebec, the other summer's night, was some rare city on the Seine with signs jumping out at the passing river traveler advertising the "Pierrot Cafe," "Hotel Louis XIV," and "Gazoline pour Yachts." The excursion boat *Duc d'Orléans de Quebec* rode at anchor waiting to take romantic Québeçois out for a sail under the French-Canadian moon. A diner at the water's edge advertised "Air Climatisé," and a priest in a black ankle-length robe and a gray fedora walked along the wharves. The bells of the engine room rang as we edged up to the dock and the sooty-faced deckhands in black berets, black sweaters, and black bell-bottomed trousers moved about like the on-stage scene-shifters in an Oriental play.

Up above, on Dufferin Terrace, couples strolled along the boards in the pleasant air where six months from now they will ride in toboggans. The massive fortress of the Chateau Frontenac exuded great waves of security but, hard by, Samuel de Champlain turned his back to the river almost with disdain for a land that is French but not of France.

Farther down river is Murray Bay, marked by the Manoir Richelieu, a giant Norman chateau set high on the bluffs looking down at the little white ships in the river below like an ample aunt gazing through her lorgnette at children at play. Surrounding the stone walls is a heated open-air swimming-pool with a grandstand and an expanse of displaced sand, heated too. An orchestra plays for swimming, several times a week for dancing, and since it has been so much a part of the life at the Manoir it serenades its guests at vacation's end as they sail from the docks.

The dining room at the Manoir is an immense cavern staffed by fresh-faced Canadian college students. There is a putting green so long and intricate that it could nearly pass for a full-fledged links in less ambitious resorts. The regular course, which lies within commuting distance by bus, requires the use of two mechanical elevators to convey you from green to tee.

ASIDE from the Manoir, where prices begin at $18 per person per day, food included, there are a variety of places to put one's head at Murray Bay, from pensions to tidy little French inns. The Chateau Murray, a big yellow wood building with red and green shutters, is a preserved antique of a summer hotel. The stone Warren Inn is handy to the Théâtre Casino de Pointe au Pic, in case you would like to hear Cary Grant and Spring Byington spout French. But to my mind one of the handsomest of the inns is Les Trois Canards, a converted mansion just a few minutes from the manoir. It has eighteen



A Saguenay River tour departure from Montreal—"waters deeper than the most pensive moments of an Indian philosopher."

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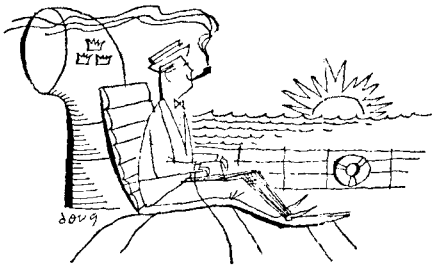

rooms, a huge oval pool, a pleasant bar, and on cool summer evenings a crackling fire on the hearth. A notable French cuisine pours from the kitchen at $6 a day for all meals, and you can add to this $11 for two in a double room, or about $7 single.

For anyone not welded to the daily regimen of an American plan arrangement I would recommend La Restaurant sur la Côte, which is adorned with outdoor baking ovens in the French-Canadian tradition, and a decor which abounds in fine wood, old pewter, and portraits of Marie Antoinette and Philip duc d'Anjou.

Aside from eating and staying cool, there is lively activity in purchasing all manner of blankets at prices anywhere from $3.50 to $10 below U.S. rates, not to mention mountains of Daks and cashmere sweaters which are purposely set at $5 to $10 below Stateside prices to give the advantage to members of the Empah. Also there are Murray Bay turtleneck sweaters woven by local ladies to wile away the long winters, and such useful items as leaping fish carved out of a cow's horn which can repose on your mantel-piece for a matter of $20. The drug store in Murray Bay, a crowded and sleepy boîte, dispenses American pills to the French citizenry and French perfume to the American tourists. A limited selection of scents is available at about 20 per cent below the tag at home—10 per cent outright reduction because of lower import duty and 10 per cent because of no excise tax. Finally, if you've a dollar left—and U.S. dollars are still discounted at 2 to 3 per cent—the furrier in the lower lobby of the Manoir dispenses Russian sables at $200, Hudson's Bay sable at $50 to $100, wild mink jackets at $2,250, and a number of hair-seal items guaranteed to have been styled, sewn, and chew-softened by Eskimos.

MY PERSONAL vote of all the way stations along the St. Lawrence goes to the Tadoussac, a charming hotel both smaller and less austere than the Manoir, that guards the entrance to the Saguenay. The Tadoussac is all white boards and red roof, with a big porch to rock on and a swimming pool on the lawn which is more agreeable than the frigid depths of the river. Both the Indians and the early French beat the first paths to Tadoussac, which was adjudged some centuries back a cool and comfortable place to fish and sleep when it was hot everywhere else. Many of the relics of the Indians have been preserved in a fascinating museum spread all along the length of a near endless corridor running under the hotel. A replica of a trading post established on the same spot in 1600 stands on the grounds and is filled to the upper logs with ceremonial flints, papoose carriers, pipes that would pop the eyeballs of the Dunhill people, snow shoes for horses, and some trading tokens issued by the Hudson's Bay Company in denominations up to one beaver.

Northbound steamers turn left at the Tadoussac Dock for the journey through the fjordlike Saguenay River, which Cartier and the French sailors were once lured into believing was an open passage to Cathay. At Cape Trinity the motors idle and, as the ships pass the white statue of Our Lady of the Saguenay set in the cliffside, the strains of "Ave Maria" float from the loudspeakers on deck and run along the still river. Passengers get a chance to bounce a stone off the rock walls, for to succeed is to have a wish come true, but wishes are hard to come by along the Saguenay.

At Trinity Bay, where seals come for a sun tan, the ship circles the still lagoon and the first mate lets the fog horn echo against the hills. Then the motors start again, and the ship slips down towards the St. Lawrence. Far up in Chicoutimi we have picked up a girl's orphanage off for a day's outing. It is no day for the deck, so a padre who happens to be on board gets the girls singing. The main lounge is filled with the shrill voices warbling "Rossegnol de mes Amours" ("Nightingale of My Love"). An accordion appears, then a guitar and then another materialize out of the woodwork. Now the padre has the girls hopping on one foot, and he shouts for the sisters to join in. Then everyone is singing "Frère Jacques," and the sisters in their stiff white gear and long brown robes are hopping, and outside the porthole a ship with a deckload of wood passes us to starboard. Then at the next port there are black carriages on the quay, and the black, scene-shifting deckhands to pull the gangplank into place. High on an upper deck the padre in beret and frock waves down to the girls who march off now, across the gangplank, over the quay, and, quite certainly, back into the pages of Bemelmans. —HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tales

WITH THE BRITISH IN HIGHEST NEPAL: Ralph Izzard, a correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, has come along with some footnotes and some comic relief to the story of last year's ascent of Mount Everest by the British expedition led by Sir John Hunt. Izzard's book, **"An Innocent on Everest"** (Dutton $3.75), tells of his own amateurish but exciting trek from Nepal's capital of Katmandu to a point 18,000 feet up on Everest where the expedition had pitched one of its base camps. Since the London *Times* had acquired exclusive rights to the Everest story by contributing substantially to the expedition's funds, Izzard's presence in Nepal, his somewhat embarrassing pre-climb interview with Tensing, and his sudden appearance on the mountain itself generated a certain amount of British chill. To make it even more embarrassing to the official expedition, Izzard's pick-up outfit featured one blind-drunk porter and one Sherpa coughing himself through the last stages of TB on one lung. Thus, when the *Daily Mail* man topped things off by showing up at the base camp freshly shaven and combed, and wearing a neat silk scarf, he was accused of one-upsmanship.

Besides his amusing sidelights on Nepalese life, the engaging personalities of his Sherpas, and Hunt's somewhat stuffy behavior, the author gives us considerable Everest lore. He traces the histories of early expeditions and gives a clear account of the difficulties of the climb itself.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

WITH THE INDIANS IN SOUTHERN MEXICO: Helen Augur's **"Zapotec"** (Doubleday, $4.50) is at once an affectionate and scholarly view of the oldest culture in this hemisphere and of the remarkable people who are still keeping it alive. The Zapotec Indians of the state of Oaxaca in Southern Mexico are the main tribe of the once-great nation of Central American peoples who pre-dated the Aztecs and who were in a sophisticated state of advancement when our European ancestors were still running around in bear skins and blue paint. Architecture, sculpture, a calendar based on a precise knowledge of astronomy, and a system of law and order resulting in millennia of peaceful coexistence between men and tribes—these are the major accomplishments of this protean folk, who have descended in a pure stream to this very day and who still live in dignity in the well-ordered villages of their breathtaking land. —J. M. FLAGLER.

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THE FINE ARTS

The Mannerist Movement

"Noli me tangere," by Lelio Orsi—"seeming frivolity."

OF AMERICAN museum publications issued during the past season the most unjustly neglected, I think, was "Pontermo to Greco" (John Herron Art Museum, $1), a catalogue of an exhibition of sixteenth-century mannerism, held last winter at the John Herron Art Museum in Indianapolis. To my lasting regret I missed the exhibition itself—so far as I know the first in this country to be devoted to mannerism as such. But the catalogue is a more essential addition to any self-respecting art library, public or private, than most of the sumptuous albums on artists from Manet to Picasso which fill our bookshops at the moment. Reading and rereading the Indianapolis catalogue, two questions have come often to mind. How is it possible that so important a school in painting could have been overlooked, denied, or ignored for such a long time by professional critics and historians? And why aren't more museum curators and private collectors eager to adjust the lopsided balance of contemporary esthetic judgment by buying courageously in this and other underrated fields in the art of the past?

I'll return to the second question in a moment. First, however, there is mannerism itself to be considered. Until very recent times its existence as a distinctive stylistic trend, falling in time between the end of the Renaissance and the emergence of the baroque, was not taken seriously even by historians of otherwise brilliant perceptivity like Wölfflin. Twenty-five years ago in American and European colleges and universities mannerism was glossed over as a painful dilution of the High Renaissance: as lately as 1945 a leading art bookseller told me that he was unable to sell a well-illustrated and inexpensive book, "Manieristi Toscani," which had just appeared in Italy. Today phrases like "mannerist distortions" are still more often used by critics of modern painting than by specialists in the art of the past—and this despite the fact that mannerism as a movement endured for nearly a hundred years and spread from Italy throughout Europe.

At any rate, in Dr. Walter Friedlaender's preface to the Indianapolis catalogue we now have a remarkably succinct and eloquent summary of what mannerism was and why. I wish the preface could be distributed not only to students in the fine arts but to those of their professors who inch heavily upward on art history's slender yet incalculably strong ladder.

DR. FRIEDLAENDER begins by pointing out that the word "mannerism" was originally used derisively by the artists of the early seventeenth century, who were in full rebellion against the artifice and exaggerations of their immediate predecessors. And indeed it is not difficult to imagine the contempt that a late sixteenth-century painter like Caravaggio, intent on achieving a new and tough realistic intensity, must have felt for such pictures as Lelio Orsi's "Noli me tangere" (see illustration) in which, as the painting's caption in the catalogue declares, the figures of Christ and the Magdalene "appear to be engaged in a sort of dance!" This seeming frivolity in treating a holy subject was also, of course, found intolerable by the Counter-Reformation. Yet how beautiful, tender, and even reverent in its own way the picture is. As the caption points out, its color "has a shocking brilliance," its light is "a fascinating invention." How sensitively controlled are the bulging distortions of muscular contour which Orsi had come to admire in Michelangelo's Roman works and which El Greco was later to take over in the creation of a new mysticism.

The preface makes a much-needed distinction between the two generations of mannerist artists, the one belonging to the first half of the sixteenth century, the other to the period from 1550 to 1600. Dr. Friedlaender says of the former: "The amplitude of space, the serene harmonies of masters like Raphael or Leonardo,

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were replaced . . . by a new affirmation of the two-dimensionality of the picture surface and a tendency to eurythmical organization in terms of linear patterns . . . The treatment of the human figure is characteristic of the mannerist attitude. Here the idealized canons of proportion achieved by the High Renaissance are discarded in favor of anatomical distortions which lean most often towards extreme elongation, dictated either by formal or expressive demands. The psychological equanimity of the High Renaissance, that repose of spirit exemplified by Raphael, is likewise denied by the mannerists, whose tenor is almost one of pathological anxiety and tension."

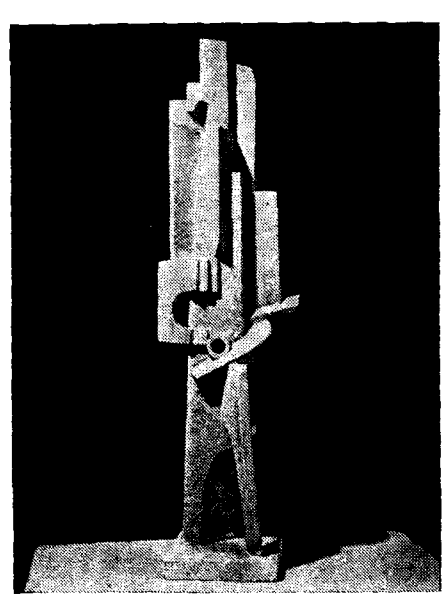
The preface goes on to draw an exciting parallel between the "free, rhythmic movement of the early mannerists"—Domenico Beccafumi, Jacopo Pontormo, Il Rosso, and Parmigianino, among others—and the late Gothic style in the North, exemplified by such German masters as Dürer, Altdorfer, and Grünewald. Thus we see that mannerism was an international current in the visual arts, breaking out first with the "linear, decorative tendencies of such late fifteenth-century masters as Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, or Piero di Cosimo," and eventually absorbing giants like Tintoretto and El Greco. Reading Dr. Friedlaender's descriptions of interlocking changes in taste at the beginning of the sixteenth century, one gets an unforgettable impression of art history's vast, complicated sweep. And one is reminded time and again that many of mannerism's aims and solutions are related to the art of our own time. A number of today's leading painters are vitally interested in "a new affirmation of the two-dimensionality of the picture surface," while "anatomical distortions . . . dictated either by formal or expressive demands" are ubiquitous in modern art. Certainly "anxiety and tension" are apparent in many contemporary pictures, and the "psychological equanimity of the High Renaissance" nowadays is rarely felt except in academic works which are moribund rather than calm.

In short, an understanding of sixteenth-century mannerism is of decided relevance to an understanding of the art of our own time, and some of us make a fatal error in attempting to treat modern art as a self-sustained entity, as though nothing prior in time to the post-impressionists had influenced it. The commercial publishers with depressing regularity turn out book after book on such well-documented painters as Lautrec or Van Gogh, when we need badly to know more about artists like Altdorfer, Beccafumi, Orsi, and Pontormo, to mention only a few from the sixteenth century.

That brings me to the second question raised in my mind by the fine Indianapolis catalogue. Why is it that museum curators (with notable exceptions) have tended to become more cautious in their purchases than they were twenty-five years ago? Why is it that most of the large, new, private collections are concentrated on late nineteenth-century French art, with a few contemporary works thrown in, usually by men long since accepted as masters? I wish that at least a few more curators and collectors would explore less familiar territory in past art. One result of the prevailing unanimity of taste is that the market, no less than contemporary judgment, is seriously deranged, even if we narrow the discussion to the French nineteenth century. Probably I will never understand why an excellent Courbet costs a third as much as a fair Cézanne, a superb Delacroix half as much as an average Renoir.

I suppose we must accept the explanation of one of New York's most eminent dealers: "It is hard to sell Courbet or Delacroix; the demand is for the works of the impressionists and post-impressionists." So the fault is not really with the dealers, who are often accused of machinations beyond their power to achieve. The trouble lies in the irresistible power of fashion, and perhaps one of these days something will happen to make it either weaken or mature. Meanwhile we must be thankful for those collections, public and private, which pay heed to less gilt-edged artists and periods and for exhibitions and catalogues like "Pontormo to Greco."

—James Thrall Soby.



Jacques Lipchitz, "Man with Guitar" (1916).

Modern Stonecutter

"The Sculpture of Jacques Lipchitz," by Henry R. Hope *(Museum of Modern Art—Simon & Schuster. 95 pp. 176 plates. $3), is a guide to a current exhibition and a critical review of his work. Robert Goldwater, who reviews it here, is head of the art department of Queens College, New York City, and the author of a forthcoming monograph on Lipchitz.*

By Robert Goldwater

DURING the Thirties and the Forties the United States was host to a number of important European artists. The results were fortunate all around; we provided a haven, they in turn furnished vitality, impulse, and a valuable sense of continuing tradition to our younger painters and sculptors. Many of these men—among them Léger, Masson, and Miro—have gone back to Europe. Others have stayed with us. Among the most important of the latter is Jacques Lipchitz, a sculptor of international reputation before he came here in 1941 who, finding our atmosphere congenial, has prospered and flourished and added to his stature.

Several years ago the Portland Museum organized a small retrospective showing of Lipchitz's work. This summer three museums have joined together (the Museum of Modern Art, the Cleveland Museum, and the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis) to present a major exhibition of his more than forty years of activity as a sculptor. This is the occasion of Henry Hope's monograph "The Sculpture of Jacques Lipchitz," which serves as a guide to the exhibition, and is also a fine independent critical review of Lipchitz's work. In view of the mass of Lipchitz's sculpture, and its diversity, compression cannot have been easy, but Mr. Hope (who has been in close and constant contact with the sculptor for several years now and quotes him directly throughout his text), is a clear guide through the years and the styles, and in the space at his disposal indicates the importance of Lipchitz's achievement.

Lipchitz's historical position is in many ways comparable to that of Picasso. Though the sculptor is the younger man, he too had a (briefer) precubist period. Then, from 1912 on, he spent a dozen years within the discipline of cubism, going on from there (like Picasso) to a style (or styles) which in its freedom, its openness, its use of curves, its emotional rather than constructed character,

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seems at first glance opposed to the very bases of cubism. Henri Laurens, one can see, was all his life a cubist sculptor, as Georges Braque (or Lipchitz's good friend Juan Gris, who died just at the moment when Lipchitz was "liberating" himself from cubism) has been a cubist painter. But what is there of cubism in the "Guernica"? And how are Lipchitz's creations of the last quarter century, with their rough bronze surfaces, their open-work constructions, or great modeled, rounded forms, their "non-esthetic" symbolic subject matter—"Prometheus" and "Theseus" and "Pegasus," "Rape of Europa," "Jacob and the Angel," and "Notre Dame de Liesse"—how are these connected with cubism?

YET Lipchitz is fond of emphasizing that he is still, is always, a cubist, and others repeat his statement because it seems so enigmatic and contradictory. For a time cubism was for Lipchitz a style in the strict sense; he was one of its creators, and some of his finest works were done within its discipline: "Standing Personnage" and "Man with Guitar" of 1916, and "Seated Man with Guitar" of 1922 (all illustrated by Mr. Hope), for example. These are three-dimensional realizations of the cubist ideal, works in which the structure of form and space (positive and negative space, to use the school cliché), of mass and interval, are so closely knit as to be inextricable, where structure is absolutely clear yet never, or rather because it is never, naturalistic. In their simplicity and objectivity these are "classic" cubist sculptures.

The more recent works are not cubist by this definition. For Lipchitz cubism is now a more basic attitude or, as he has written, "a way of life." It is that break from the naturalistic credo of the nineteenth century which restored to the artist his creative liberty, permitting him free play in invention and arrangement of forms, and through their interplay making possible a wealth of allusive meaning. This is indeed the role that cubism has played in the history of modern art, even for younger artists who never themselves went through its discipline.

For many another artist, even of his own generation or older, the development of cubism led toward complete abstraction. Not so for Lipchitz. Like Picasso, he has many times been close to it, only to alter what might have been a "logical" development. Nor, as Mr. Hope points out, was Lipchitz ever taken with the obsession for direct cutting that arose in reaction to Rodin's domination. "Ideas come with unimaginable rapidity; they

—*Illustrations from the Museum of Modern Art.*

"Like Rodin, Lipchitz is a worker of tremendous ease and rapidity."

are capricious; the artist must catch them and fix them as quickly as possible," says the artist, and direct cutting hampers this. Indeed, Lipchitz considers himself in some manner Rodin's heir. Like him, he is a worker of tremendous ease and rapidity, and so prefers the plasticity and quick response of clay. Above all, he admires the scope and energy of Rodin's vision, his will to undertake the most complex and fundamental themes, his desire to embody for his own time the crucial symbols of human experience. These are the larger goals Lipchitz has set for himself (the attempt risks occasional failure, but the sculptor is not satisfied with small successes), and they have inspired his reinterpretations of age-old mythological, religious, and simple human themes.

If all this seems traditional, it is so in subject only. In form, and so in essential content, Lipchitz is altogether contemporary. The movement, the vigor, and the mass of his work sometimes recall the baroque, but it is a modern baroque, whose structure and whose relation of mass and void in truth would be impossible without cubism. Besides, Lipchitz is one of the founders of the whole school of open-work sculpture, which has been so vigorous of late. His "transparents" of the late Twenties (which include some of his handsomest pieces) are, as Mr. Hope indicates, among the chief ancestors of one of the most important directions followed by the younger men. If Lipchitz has avoided total abstraction, he has also inspired it. Thus, as this monograph so clearly shows, he may be accounted a significant influence, as well as a significant artist.

Boxes of Gold

PORTABLE FURNITURE AS ART: Whether intended to contain snuff, bonbons, or pastilles of aniseed, or whether fashioned to enclose a *nécessaire*, antique gold boxes are fundamentally storage boxes. As such they belong to the category of furniture—portable furniture—and if the value of the material they are made from is measured against their size they may claim to rank among the costliest furniture ever made. Their real distinction, however, rests in the agglomerate of taste, impeccable workmanship, and, often, of a peculiar genius that elevates them from the class of a mere accessory to the rank of works of art. The kind most commonly used was the snuffbox, the *tabatière*, and it was the eighteenth century, the *siècle de la tabatière*, that witnessed the most splendid productions.

With **"Antique Gold Boxes: Their Lore and Their Lure"** (Abelard-Schu-

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man, $12.50), Henry and Sidney Berry-Hill have rendered a definite service in resuscitating an interest in this art that has somewhat waned since the early part of this century, when the last great collections of gold boxes were formed. Connoisseurs and students as the Berry-Hills are, they discuss expertly practically every aspect of their subject.

There are more than 200 excellent illustrations. Noteworthy are the captions of these containing valuable and detailed information which had it been introduced into the text might have tended to confuse it. When finished the reader will have enjoyed a thoroughly good book and become familiar with the celebrated master makers and their equally celebrated patrons as well as with styles and characteristics of the major and most of the minor schools. He will be able to wend his way through the apparent intricacies of makers' and control marks and have gained in his knowledge of the techniques employed by the goldsmith, enameler, and, frequently, the miniature painter, who all had their share in producing these glamorous and sparkling little chests.

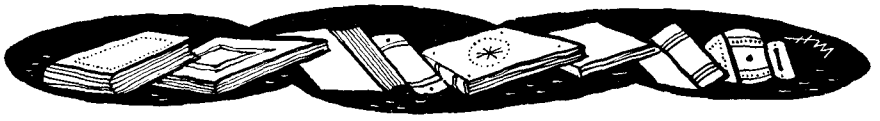
Although dealing principally with antique boxes, the last chapter of this work is fittingly dedicated to the fabulous Fabergué, goldsmith to the Imperial Russian Court who died in 1920 and with whose passing—quoting the authors—the *siècle de la tabatière* in truth comes to an end.

—HERBERT WEISSBERGER.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Bleak House, "Bleak House" (Dickens). 2. Queen's Crawley, "Vanity Fair" (Thackeray). 3. Hartfield, "Emma" (Austen). 4. Escampobar Farm, "The Rover" (Conrad). 5. Cumnor Place, "Kenilworth" (Scott). 6. Robin Hill, "The Forsyte Saga" (Galsworthy). 7. White Ladies, "White Ladies" (F. Brett Young). 8. Tree House, Tent House, or Rock House, "The Swiss Family Robinson" (J. R. Wyss). 9. Nightmare Abbey, "Nightmare Abbey" (Peacock). 10. Box Hill, "Doctor Thorne" (Trollope). 11. Les Sapins, "The Nutmeg Tree" (Margery Sharp). 12. The Slopes, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" (Hardy). 13. The Shaws, "Kidnapped" (Stevenson). 14. Mallards House, "Trouble for Lucia" (E. F. Benson). 15. Silver Ho, "Anthony Adverse" (Hervey Allen). 16. Twelve Oaks, "Gone With the Wind" (Margaret Mitchell). 17. Java Head, "Java Head" (Hergesheimer). 18. Windswept, "Windswept" (Mary Ellen Chase). 19. Plumfield, "Little Women" (Alcott). 20. Cypress Hill, "The Green Bay Tree" (Bromfield).

Just Published



MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in forthcoming numbers.

CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT. By W. R. Burnett. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. Mr. Burnett, a man of many pens, has written here a picaresque about nineteenth-century Ireland, in which the hero, one Michael Martin, of Kilkenny, tricycles around Dublin very fast and on the way co-manages a gaming house, marries the proprietor's vintage daughter, duels and wins, before returning to the country, where he nearly gets himself hanged.

THE FIGHTING SUDANESE. By H. C. Jackson. St. Martin's Press. $2. An account of the relations between the Sudanese and the British during the past fifty or so years, by a man who was a member of the Sudan Civil Service from 1907 to 1931.

THE GOLDEN HORIZON. Edited by Cyril Connolly. British Book Centre. $5.50. A wheelbarrowful of poems, stories, reminiscences, and critical essays from the late, much-lamented English magazine, which Mr. Connolly founded and shepherded from 1939 to 1950.

INNSIDE NANTUCKET. By Frank Gilbreth, Jr. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. Mr. Gilbreth, whose parents had dozens of children and who has written thousands of words about them, here tells of the various rib ticklers that befall his youngest son, Bob, and his wife, Barbara, when they buy and open for business the Anchor Inn on Nantucket.

JOURNEY WITH LOSHAY. By George N. Patterson. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75. Plenty more about the windy closet of the world—Tibet—by a medical missionary who traveled via suspension bridges, ice fields, and razor-backed mountains from Kham, Tibet, to Upper Assam and Calcutta, India, to get medical supplies at about the time the Chinese Communists were moving in.

LOVERS AND MISTRESSES. By Allegra Sander. Translated by Katherine Woods. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50. A delicate tossed green salad about men and women and how they love in France. Most of this information is supplied in a dialogue between two women.

MANZONI AND HIS TIMES. By Archibald Colquhoun. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. A critical biography of Alessandro Francesco Tommaso Antonio Manzoni (1785-1873), Italian poet and novelist ("The Betrothed").

MARXISM AND ANARCHISM. 1850-1890. By G. D. H. Cole. St. Martin's Press. $6. Volume Two of Professor Cole's "History of Socialist Thought" moves through most of the second half of the last century and covers the emergence of Communism in Europe, the Fabian movement in England, socialism in America, and the various socialistic movements that gained force in various parts of Europe during that time.

NEW DIRECTIONS IN SOCIAL WORK. Edited by Cora Kasius. Harper & Bros. $3.50. A collection of essays dedicated to Philip Klein on the various aspects of social work as they are carried on today: responsibilities, the parts played by government and volunteer agencies in the field, contributions of social work to reform, and so forth.

NUNAMIUT. By Helge Ingstad. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.95. A study of the Nunamiut Eskimos, who are still satisfied with a Stone Age culture, and who live in the wind-bruised Endicott Mountains of Central Alaska.

REACH FOR THE SKY. By Paul Brickhill. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75. A biography of Douglas Bader, who may be one of the stoutest men who ever lived. Bader lost both legs in an airplane crash before World War II, got the hang of artificial legs, and before the war was over had become a flying squadron leader, was captured, and escaped once.

REPORT ON INDO-CHINA. By Bernard Newman. Frederick A. Praeger. $4. A complete report on Indo-China by an English journalist just returned from that embattled land.

SHOW ME A HERO. By Melvin Voorhees. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. War and how it was carried on behind the Eighth Army lines in Korea by a crenelated general named Lark Spur Logan, his son who deserts from West Point and turns up in Korea as a private and the murderer of a Korean prisoner, another private, a lady, and a syndicate newspaperman who likes his eggs hardboiled and cold. A novel by the author of "Korean Tales."

SIDE STREET. By Robert O. Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A dark tale about the only child, a girl, of middle-aged parents, who grows up to be overpossessive, the mother of a weakfish son, and a murderess.

SMALL TOWN D.A. By Robert Trevor. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. An account of the fourteen years the author has spent as a district attorney—he has lost only one case in the past ten years—in the woody, woolly district of Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

TELL FREEDOM. By Peter Abrahams. Alfred A. Knopf. $4. The autobiography of the highly respected South African poet and novelist, who is now thirty-seven and lives in Europe. Mr. Abrahams tells here of his childhood and growing up among a poverty-stricken Negro family in Johannesburg, his two-step with Communism, and his final disillusionment with it and his country.

TRAVEL INTO YESTERDAY. By Mary Gough. Doubleday & Co. $4.50. An account, with lots of elbow room in it, of an archeological junket Mrs. Gough and her husband recently made through the ancient Roman province of Cilicia in Southern Turkey.

A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT SPEECHES. Edited by Houston Peterson. Simon & Schuster. $7.50. A big collection of some of the most luminous gases that have ever reached the ionosphere. Included are the words of such as Moses, Cato, Julius Caesar, Cicero, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, Danton, Robespierre, John Brown, Jefferson Davis, and President Eisenhower's Inaugural Speech.

A VOICE IN THE STREETS. By John Tebbel. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.95. A novel, done in reds and silks, about Timothy Stevens, a starving immigrant from Ireland, who is befriended by a rich banker and set up in the newspaper business. Timothy waxes great through the paper and becomes a heavy hand in political and financial circles. The time is mid-nineteenth-century, the place New York City.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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The Past

Continued from page 14

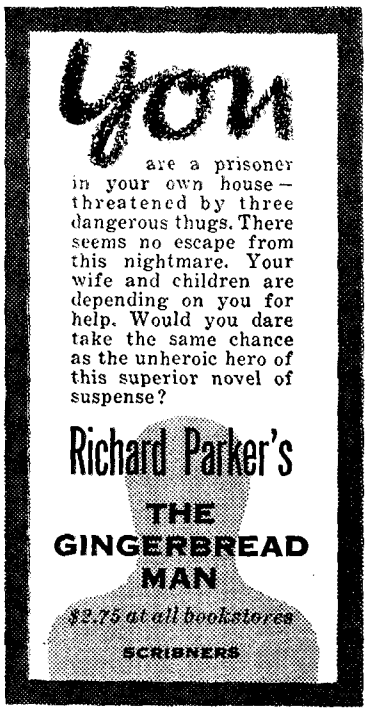
the anthropologist, the archeologist, the literary critic, and—presumably—the linguist to epic literature in an effort to find some of the answers. **"The Sword from the Rock"** (Grove Press, $7), a scholarly but nonetheless absorbing work, is a continuation of her earlier "The Gate of the Horn." Miss Levy begins her investigations with a group of seven limestone sculptures extant in modern Turkey and dating back to the Hittite Empire of the second millennium B.C. From these plastic analogies she proceeds to comparative studies of great epics in Oriental and Western cultures, discovering in them impressive if not necessarily exact parallels of ritualism and heroic development. Her organization is twofold: "Sources of the Epic," essentially the historical context of this literature, and "Literary Development of the Hero," which traces the continuity of epic aspirations and themes to modern times. It may be assumed that few readers will be as familiar with the stories of the "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana" as with those of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," but Miss Levy has supplied significant details. She has dealt with three kinds of epics and their derivatives: (1) The epic of creation, which exalts the establishment by victorious gods of world order. The only surviving literary expression of the second millennium is the Enuma Elish, and echoes of it are found in the "Rig Veda." (2) In the epic of quest mortal heroes fight in solitude against demons. The struggle is essentially mental or spiritual rather than physical, as with wanderer-heroes like Gilgamesh, "myriad-minded Odysseus," and Rama. Symbolizing through human ritualistic actions the cyclic loss and renewal of the earth's fertility, this theme may be traced as far back as Sumerian poems of the third millennium. (3) In the epic *par excellence* the hero fights the battle of his life, even against the adverse influence of destiny and the gods. Its literary manifestations are in the Greek "Iliad" and the Indian "Mahabharata." Finally Miss Levy has shown modern derivatives in epics ranging from the "Aeneid" to the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Richard Aldington's threatened exposure of the T. E. Lawrence myth may one day sharply affect this last analogy, but for the moment it may rest uneasily. —EDWARD A. BLOOM.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DEAD MAN'S SHOES *Michael Innes* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Insp. Appleby of Yard reminisces about 23 of his cases.	Yarns range from 1,300 to 13,000 words: literary allusions abound.	Highly mannered
SEEING RED *Theodora DuBois* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Nude body in NY Harbor embarrasses Anne and Jeffrey McNeill, and why not?	Contrived plot climaxes in Senate committee hearing (but no TV).	Formula job
STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE *Georges Simenon* *Trans: Geoffrey Sainsbury* (Doubleday: $2.95)	Juvenile delinquency in French provinces disturbs wine-bibbing lawyer, who gets busy.	Sharp characterization, strong local color lend this one vitality.	Effective
GO, LOVELY ROSE *Jean Potts* (Scribner: $2.75)	Shrewish Midwest housekeeper takes tumble; village doctor turns sleuth.	On the populous side, but handling is deft, sympathetic.	Ramblingly pleasant
THE CASE OF THE SILKEN PETTICOAT *Christopher Bush* (Macmillan: $2.50)	British novelist drowns as final opus booms; L. Travers and Yard curious.	Two later deaths add to bafflement; yarn among author's best.	Holds up all the way
BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR—1954 *David C. Cooke, ed.* (Dutton: $2.95)	Ninth unit in series has dozen good yarns, mainly from slicks.	Gardner, Oliver La Farge, Queen, Charteris among authors.	Choice collection
GHOSTS NEVER DIE *Rufus Heed* (Vantage: $2.50)	Chicago chemical exec. outs; amateur sleuth shows cops how.	On the chatty side; characterization thin, handling spotty.	Not so hot

—SERGEANT CUFF.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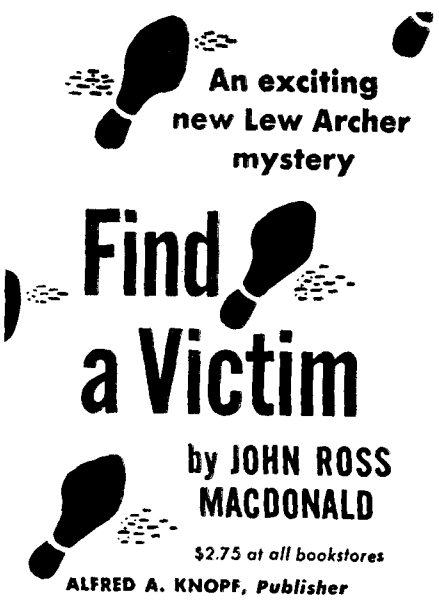

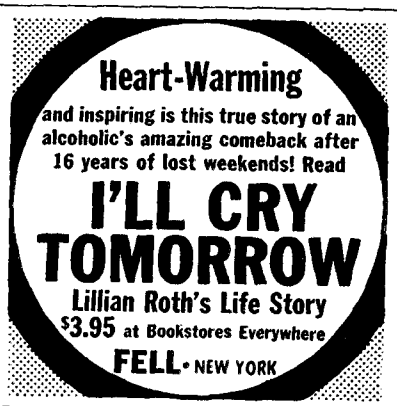
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People

Continued from page 19

which made the days slip by and gave them the illusion of being always busy."

The reconstruction of that merry, pointless life is very engaging, but Miss Mitford seems temperamentally inclined, as Gibbon wrote in a wholly different connection, "to scorn the profane virtues of moderation and sobriety." Nothing was amiss, one gathers, when Jeanne ("Reinette" to her friends) stalked the King while he was improving his health by stalking his game in the forest of Senart; but when another lady of the court tried (and failed) to gain the unconsecrated but usual honors from Louis she was revealed as "a horrible little creature," while an even younger aspirant (who succeeded) is characterized as "a silly goose." One gets the impression that the King could not really be blamed if when he was not hunting, or gambling, or entertaining at court he was tumbling in and out of beds. "The wives of his subjects had no difficulty in falling in love with him," for "he had a most caressing look, a curious husky voice . . . and a sexy moodiness of manner irresistible to women." To lots of women, including his little call girls at the Parc aux Cerfs. Though scandalous stories were related then and later about that establishment, it was in fact, the author assures us, "a modest little brothel, run on humane and practical lines."

The contemporaries did not grasp the simple fact that "Madame de Pompadour excelled at an art which the majority of human beings despise because it is unprofitable and ephemeral, the art of living." The Parisians had no appreciation of the taste which went into the purchase of her thousands of *objets d'art* the inventory of which took two lawyers more than a year to draw up after her death. They were not thrilled over the fact that "few human beings since the world began can have owned so many beautiful things." They grumbled instead, and she was defenseless against the "horrid little poems and epigrams . . . dull and dirty" that they composed.

Louis, too, was unhappy over the obtuseness of his subjects: "He suffered when his people behaved, as it seemed to him, so unreasonably. He felt that he and they were united by a religious link: he loved them, he lived for them, and, like a father with naughty children, he was vexed." Neither subjects nor the historians had sufficient objectivity to understand that what prevailed in *ce pays-ci* was "a perfectly serene laziness of the spirit, . . . perpetual youth, . . . happy days out of doors and lazy evenings' chatter and gambling in the great wonderful palace."

All this is very edifying, of course, and we can congratulate ourselves on living in the broadminded and democratic twentieth century that corrects the distortions of our prissy fathers.

Beloved Country

SWEET REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS: What my mother used to refer to as "the fatal gift of complete recall" is the cornerstone of Marion Edey's book of childhood reminiscences, **"Early in the Morning"** (Harper, $3). If you belong to my mother's school of thought, which looks towards the rising rather than the setting sun, Miss Edey's book will hold little interest for you. . . .

A distant lighthouse on a peninsula that curves into the broad Hudson River sheltered a vast old house, big, comfortable, shabby. Its rooms were enormous, all except those up under the eaves, where the children slept. They all had a view of the river. And the attic was filled with everything ever discarded, which made it a wonderful place for hide-and-seek.

The great event in the children's lives was the change in the seasons. These they enjoyed as fully as though they were adventures into another land. Dogs and horses, a good-natured cook, chickens preyed on by neighboring weasels, snakes and turtles in the river—they were part of the dramatic accompaniment to life in the country.

On this pastoral scene there descended a governess, whose days were mercifully numbered, and then the family moved to the big city, and began life all over again, in a new, unfriendly world. The old house, on which the lighthouse still flashed intermittently, was deserted. Nostalgia, of course, brought the children back years later, and they experienced that feeling that overcomes us all when we visit the scenes of our childhood: "I thought it was larger! It all seems to have shrunk!"

"Early in the Morning" is not just a chronicle of some children in a gaslit era. It possesses a kind of magic, the kind that made Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows" an excursion into the land extoled by Peter Pan. Marion Edey remembers it all—particularly her companionship with her brother Noel. She is so steeped in the past that she remembers every detail, how people looked and talked and laughed and cried. "Early in the Morning" is a happy excursion into a beloved country, long gone.

—KENNETH HORAN.

Fiction

Continued from page 16

aunt's confidence and fortune by "punctual, prudent, servile, devout ways." Since his aunt considers all activity outside church doors tainted by sexuality, Theodorico has to conceal his humanity craftily and, much against his will, has to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he discovers Moslems guarding the temple to keep "rival priests . . . from coming to blows." Even this extended effort to maintain a reputation for sanctity (*while living as seems sensible*) fails. He doesn't get the inheritance, surprisingly but plausibly becomes a respectable (but unusually candid) member of the middle class, and nevertheless enjoys himself.

As Federico de Onis has said, Eça de Queiroz might have been considered a great novelist long ago if he had written in one of the languages frequently translated into English. In Aubrey Bell's apparently excellent rendering, Queiroz appears as an excellent stylist, a master of the ironical approach that makes one get the serious point while smiling. He has a great deal more that is serious to say about religion, philosophy, and Portugal than I have space to tell—and almost always does it divertingly.

His excellent, almost unknown novel makes me wonder what first-rate books should be translated from the many small and large countries of which we are and should not be ignorant if we want to make the American way different from the Roman way that led to decline and fall.

Notes

BACK HOME TO TROUBLE: The purpose of the suspense novel is simple enough. It is to create suspense, which in turn is complicated by revelations, which in turn create more suspense, which in turn creates more revelations. And in his first novel, **"The Deserter"** (Macmillan, $3), Lowell Barrington has managed all this with enough adroitness and action to justify its existence. Ostensibly, the story begins with the release from military prison of a dishonorable dischargee convicted of having abandoned another man under fire and with his search for this other man in order to prove his own innocence. Happily, this apparent seriousness of purpose on the part of Mr. Barrington breaks down into a more entertaining pattern just as soon as his protagonist reaches the well-protected mansion in which his crazed former cohort now lives amidst

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nurses, an unspecified number of male bodyguards, a senescent grandmother who comes off in the right style, and just the right unspecified number of upstairs and downstairs maids. All these manage to keep things very lively and to serve up the suspense and the revelation in alternate courses which, as things go, will probably make just as good a movie as they now make a book.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

FIFTEEN CHANGED LIVES: Rodolfo L. Fonesca's original and moving story **"Tower of Ivory"** (translated by Walter Starkie and published by Julian Messner at $3.75) hinges around an act of violence of a peculiarly horrifying and repulsive nature: the violation by Chinese bandits of fifteen missionary nuns. The author does not make the reader a witness of the crime; he presents the unhappy victims to us just after the event as they are embarking on the ship which is to take them back to Italy and their problematic future. Their shocking experience is not to be the end of things—ignominious or exalted as they might think in their state of dismay and confusion—but rather a beginning.

The fact that at least in the first section of the book the whole community, which remains united in its Umbrian refuge, is the protagonist gives the story a special character; however, as the tale unfolds certain figures come into increasing prominence and finally dominate the plot. Sister Juana, in whom her experience has aroused a sensual need that might have been satisfied by a child—or so she tells herself—leaves the order and makes a career of vengeance on men. Sister Hilaria bears an unwanted baby and in her reaction of grief at its early death goes mad. The truly tragic experience is reserved for Sister Praxedes, the other involuntary mother. With the birth of her child, a powerful maternal instinct awakes in her; the struggle between this new love and the love symbolized by her vows is the core of the novel.

The second part of the novel does not, unfortunately, have either the same originality of concept or the same stamp of authenticity; it is, in fact, a little novel in its own right, a tale of the pre-1914 Continental sort—common enough from Madrid to Vienna—in which the leading characters are the Virtuous but Jealous Wife, the Sensual Siren, and the Philandering Husband. Had the novel ended with Part I it would have had an emotional as well as a structural unity; as it is, the freshness and honesty of the early conception is blurred by the false drama of the ending.

—THOMAS G. BERGIN.

Modern America

Continued from page 11

castigates the book as an attack upon intellectuals. While certain aspects of the novel may permit such an interpretation, it can be read instead as an assault upon the sin of pride, whether encountered in intellectual circles or elsewhere. Miss Howe's intellectuals were self-centered and exclusive, addicted to "groupism" and even "little-groupism" (to borrow Riesman's concepts), and because they were neither class-free nor clique-free they failed to satisfy the criteria of a genuine and creative intellectualism. Miss Howe satirized them not because they were intellectuals but because their intellectualism was only an absurd pretense.

AS ANOTHER example, Riesman quotes with approval Peter Viereck's remark that anti-Catholicism is the anti-Semitism of the intellectuals. The juxtaposition of these two subjects is both illogical and dangerous. Neither Viereck nor Riesman apparently notices that anti-Semitism means prejudice against persons and that anti-Catholicism means opposition to a doctrine, an idea, and an encompassing creed. It is clearly possible to be a critic of Judaism without discriminating against Jews, a critic of Catholicism without discriminating against Catholics, and a critic of Calvinism without discriminating against Presbyterians.

Riesman's method serves him better in his distinguished essays on Veblen and Freud. He shows that Veblen was caught in the culture he criticized and was never able to dispossess himself of the farm boy's envy and admiration of the city-slicker—in this case the baronial businessman. Freud, whose contributions to social science Riesman praises above all others, was nevertheless a "nineteenth-century bourgeois gentleman," a Puritan in his attitude toward work, orthodox and even Victorian in his tastes, a man who accepted an economics of scarcity, and one who had too much reverence for the past and too much respect for authority.

The essays as a whole sustain no single thesis and judgments as to content can only be disparate and diffuse. The level of discourse is another matter. Riesman is utterly prolific with ideas. Where some sociologists need six articles to elaborate one idea, he reverses the proportion. It may be that we shall have to use these ideas as catalysts rather than as conclusions. In any event, we have in Riesman a sociologist with "style," a moralist

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with a new vocabulary, a critic whose judgments illuminate some of the darker corners of the contemporary scene, and a writer whose insights are often spectacular. If his efforts to express unconventional opinions seem a little conventional, and at times a little strained, this is nevertheless a method which is congenial to him and one which frequently succeeds. We can certainly applaud without stint his defense of individualism and of our inalienable right to be different, to be unadjusted, to have, to hold, and even to enjoy, as he says, our anxieties, our allergies, and our aspirin tablets.

Too Common?

THE MASS-MAN IN AMERICA: The new civilization of the mass-man and its probable consequences is a problem that has preoccupied our best minds for almost half a century. No one, from Ortega y Gasset to George Orwell, seems to entertain many doubts about the horrible fate in store for us when the "tyranny of the average" does finally manage to establish itself in full and deadly glory. The death of the individual is apparently at hand, unless some of our better minds can solve what appears to be an insoluble. **"Is the Common Man Too Common?"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.75) is another gallant attempt by a group of Americans to ascertain just what is happening and where we are going. The list of contributors to this informal survey is distinguished—Joseph Wood Krutch, Alistair Cooke, Gilbert Seldes, George F. Kennan, and eight others—and the conclusions are interesting, if not always heartening. The articles deal specifically with our own civilization and its cultural trends, and they originally appeared in this magazine.

—WILLIAM MURRAY.

Walden One Hundred Years After

Continued from page 8

strung with queries asked or implied, molded like bullets which can still strike home. And Mahomet went back to Mecca, which was the world for him, fully armed with what proved to be fire and destruction and renewal. What the New England prophet needed for his purposes was a bean field and a crystal lake.

WHICH brings us finally to what I think is the best explanation of how and why Thoreau wrote "Walden" and explains its limitation in scope, its perennial freshness, its variety, and its failure to satisfy (like the Old Testament) so many rules of rhetoric. First, it is not a book in the ordinary sense, it is a Journal, tapped like maple syrup when the flow is best, from the New England maple tree of Henry's life. For Henry's life work was his Journal, published now in fourteen volumes, with some sections still not printed, and others destroyed in the making of his books. Only his public addresses called forth by special pressures were not integral parts of this Journal, although enriched or drawn from the Journal itself. "Life Without Principle" and the others stand apart from the purpose and content of "Walden."

To describe this vast Journal in its relation to "Walden" I must use another figure than the arrowhead or the maple tree to symbolize Henry's work. I like to think of him as a man wandering beside a New England brook which flows through meadows, fields, and forests, ponds and rapids, its banks haunted by beasts and birds and men. Here Thoreau wandered day and night, meditative but more often eagerly observant. And sometimes he brought back in his note sheets plain facts of observation minutely accurate (and sometimes minutely dull); and sometimes inspiration bubbles up through the rapids, and sometimes from quiet pools reflecting the landscape and its inhabitants come those pages of description and human nature which are Thoreau's happiest achievement.

All this he scribbled abroad or at home, and then expanded. And as a man dips a pail here and there in a brook for good water, so Thoreau went to his reservoir to take what he needed for his lectures, as for example his "Excursions," those reflective and descriptive narratives, or for memories of Cape Cod, or the voyage of the two brothers on the Merrimac and the Concord, or the Maine woods, and the symposium which is what I call "Walden."

And other books, some of them as good as the "Excursions," though not so distinctive as the travel books, remain undipped from this stream. The guiding imagination of the author never got so far, probably because he became so absorbed in research science and its classification. No one, so far, has dared to follow him in this task of extraction, and revision, but I am sure that an essay built with selection, not revision, and called by a warmer name than "Riparian Studies" would worthily belong with the "Excursions." It would deal with the Concord and Assabet chiefly, and the mysteries of water lilies, and flowing water, and the life in general with life in and on the streams would provide its high points of description. But I fear that there is no other "Walden" in the Journals.

I seem to have neglected to the end my confident statement that "Walden" is one of the great books in English. If "Walden" is regarded, as it should be, as a crystalized part of a vast amorphous whole, and if the great addresses like "Civil Disobedience" be considered as outbursts from the same man's mind, there can be little question. Thence Gandhi drew inspiration, and how many sensitive and vigorous minds have been stirred and made creative by the wider range of "Walden," that homely and yet eloquent gospel of simplicity in the search for a good life.

As for the other statement that "Walden" is one of the few great American books to become a part of world literature, the question may arise in other continents whether "Walden" is any more essentially American than (let us say) a British masterpiece. The answer may be put very simply, best from the pages of "Walden." That book, that crystal from Thoreau's Journal, could have been written only by Thoreau, a New Englander from Concord, a region that experienced so much of the American past. Not all but many of the best and most characteristic traits of American life are in the fabric of "Walden." Intense individuality, sprung from the experiences of Puritanism carried oversea; the self-reliance of a new land, which is at the core of that book; the foundations of an inevitable democracy; the seeking of new land and new ideas, which was probably most articulate in New England. Independence, freedom, liberty, which breathed in a New Eng-

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land which was still pioneer in recent memory, the passion to escape from convention which took the "mountain men" in Thoreau's own lifetime to the unbroken West were still alive in New England. Thoreau himself was an intellectual "mountain man" of Concord. The idealism bred from experience, in constant conflict with its enemies, and even now after so many defeats and triumphs against vulgarity —they are all in "Walden," as also less comprehensively if more philosophically in Emerson, more poetically if not more eloquently in Walt Whitman.

And Thoreau was not only a questioner, like Emerson and Whitman, whose writings became dialogues with themselves and the democracy. He was also one of the leaders in the great debates over idealism which were so characteristic of Americans. Challengers, questioners, seekers, this defines one enduring type of American still persistent whose earliest enemies were materialism, and now is vulgarity. Both Whitman and Thoreau prefer to use as themes simple peoples and simple experience. Emerson was a philosopher. These others, both his pupils in philosophy, were not. They were practical men, both Yankees come to or from New England. Emerson and Thoreau were essentially writers of Journals from which their strength flows. Whitman diarized in poetry.

And to return again to "Walden," Thoreau's style is intensely American in spite of its grace of rhythms for which he owed much to Latin and Greek. But as a questioner, he is at his best in the sentence—sharp, unexpected sentences, like the sudden rise and splash in a pool of a trout. He is the most quotable of American authors, as a questioner should be. You can get all of Thoreau, except the delights of mere descriptive reading, from these sentences. They are the blossoms and fruits of his New England fields and forests. His is the way of an epigrammatic Yankee, the oracle and anecdotist of the town. It is the way for a great questioner, if he has the wit to fill such sentences with honey—or blood.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

BULLFIGHTING: The 12 most exciting action photographs from Barnaby Conrad's LA FIESTA BRAVA, 8" x 10", original photographs, for framing, set: $6.50. El Matador Restaurant, 492 Broadway, San Francisco.

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MALE SECRETARY, 33, marine, legal experience, desires position involving travel. Box T-347.

WOMAN, 36, college, rapid shorthand, typing, familiar manuscripts, desires position with writer who plans live Europe. Box T-355.

HOMELESS young teachers would appreciate reasonable house, apartment Westchester, N.Y. Box T-348.

BACKGROUND information sought concerning Sen. McCarthy. For book, accuracy please. Box T-317.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

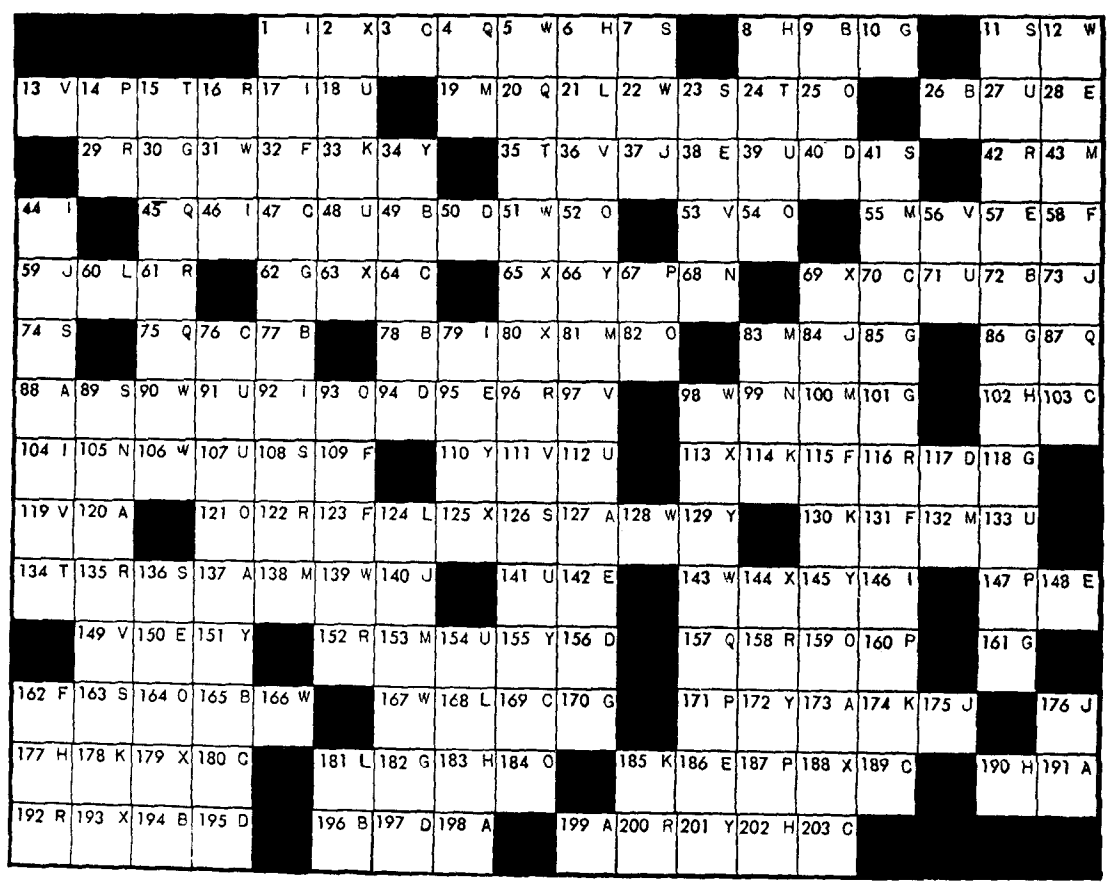
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Endowed with extraordinary personal attractiveness.	127 191 137 120 198 199 173 88
B. Night-club entertainer who relies on ostrich feathers for garments (2 wds.).	165 196 72 77 26 49 78 194 9
C. Under full control (of a human being; 3 wds.).	47 3 180 203 189 103 70 76 64 169
D. Two or more wires twisted into a cable.	156 117 197 40 94 50 195
E. The cause led by Prince de Condé and Adm. Coligny in 16th-cent. France.	186 150 95 57 28 38 142 148
F. Hebetated.	162 109 115 58 32 131 123
G. Describing a piece of artillery, cocked and otherwise prepared for firing (3 wds.).	161 170 101 182 10 30 86 62 85 118
H. English for a common French word of endearment.	102 8 190 177 6 202 183
I. The Beethoven sonata figuring in the title of a short Tolstoy novel, 1890.	146 46 104 17 92 1 44 79
J. Course abruptly deviating from that previously pursued.	73 176 37 175 140 84 59
K. Queen Elizabeth's "Dancing Chancellor" (1540-91).	130 114 185 33 178 174
L. German surrealist painter, assoc. with the "Fatagaga" collages (1891-----).	168 60 21 124 181
M. Father of John the Baptist.	19 100 55 153 83 43 138 132 81
N. German art and culture historian, worked esp. in Brazil 1870-89.	99 68 105

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Conference at which a particular topic is discussed and opinions exchanged.	159 52 184 82 54 25 93 164 121
P. Last bugle call before taps.	160 147 171 67 14 187
Q. Small coffee cup without a handle, common in the Middle East (see Word T).	45 20 87 157 75 4
R. Uselessly.	158 116 29 135 200 16 122 152 42 192 96 61
S. Alexander's general, to whom he left the kingdom of Thrace.	163 74 41 23 126 136 11 89 108 7
T. Metallic holder or stand for Word Q (fine word for "Scrabble"!).	35 24 15 134
U. Seeped into, as through pores or interstices of something.	71 91 107 39 18 133 27 154 141 49 112
V. Superiority in excellence, value, etc.	111 56 149 119 13 36 53 97
W. Describing the usual commercial beverage bottle.	98 12 22 106 31 166 5 139 143 90 167 51 128
X. Imprudent.	80 63 113 125 69 2 65 193 144 179 188
Y. Legal or rightful power.	110 201 151 172 145 129 66 155 34

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. It read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 41 of this issue.

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